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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 113.—Vol. IX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 31, 1906 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo. *Lafayette*

Mrs. Laurie Rowley

A well-known sportswoman, who drives a four-in-hand and hunts with the Bicester. Mrs. Rowley's husband, in the recent elections, unsuccessfully contested West Nottingham in the Unionist interest

No. 113.—Vol. IX.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

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BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW FICTION

"Hemming, the Adventurer." By Theodore Roberts. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"The Bracebridges." By Sara Tytler. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"The Sinnings of Seraphine." By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Caste and Creed." By F. E. Penny. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"Rose at Honeypot." By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Mrs. Erricker's Reputation." By Thomas Cobb. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)

"A Supreme Moment." By Mrs. Hamilton Synge. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Marriage of Heaven and Hell." By Blake William. (Richards: The Venetian Classics, 6*d.* net.)

"Lyrists of the Restoration." The Chap Books, No. 1. Edited by Mr. and Mrs. Masefield. (Richards: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Hungry 'Forties." (Fisher Unwin: 6*d.*)

"The Life of Richard Cobden." Part 1. By John Morley. (Fisher Unwin: 6*d.* net.)

"Public Speaking and Debate." By Geo. Jacob Holyoake. (Fisher Unwin: 1*s* net.)

The Cameo Classics: "Sea Songs." "A Tale of Two Cities." "The Beauties of Sterne." "Peg Woffington." "Life of Goldsmith." "The Last Days of Pompeii." "Stories from Pickwick." "The Beauties of Shakespeare." "Silas Marner." "The Essays of Elia." "Windsor Castle." "The Beauties of Burns." "Oliver Twist." "Heroes and Hero Worship." "The Scarlet Letter." "Ingoldsby Legends." "Midshipman Easy." "Haunted Man and the Battle of Life." "Christian Year." (Sisleys, Ltd.: 6*d.* net each.)

Our Coloured Supplement of Miss Evie Greene

Last week we presented as a Supplement to the number a Coloured Plate of Miss Evie Greene as she appears in *The Little Cherub* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. We omitted to say that this picture is the copyright of Mr. H. G. Banks, of Butterton Street, the well-known music publisher, who is bringing out the score of the opera with this picture of Miss Evie Greene on the cover.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

London:
Wednesday
January 31, 1906

The fact that a seat has been found for Mr. Balfour will pain no one and please many. He has been kept standing quite long enough. I imagine he would have been provided with one long before this, if it had not been that the members of his scattered Party have been standing looking at one another anxiously, saying: "You'd better give up yours; it's much safer than mine." However, Mr. Gibbs has given Mr. Balfour a safe article, and the scattered flock will draw a breath of relief.

* * *

It is rumoured that considerable trading has recently been going on between certain Conservative and Liberal contemporaries.

The Liberal journals, having no further use for them, have been disposing of a number of stereoed headlines, entitled, THE GOVERNMENT OF MUDDLE and OUR FATUOUS PREMIER; the Conservative papers offering in exchange headlines which include, THE BLATANT OPPOSITION and THE IMPUDENCE OF THE OPPOSITION LEADER.

CONSTABLE: "Now then, get a move on. You've no right to be hanging round here"
WORKMAN: "No right! Why I'm a bloomin' M.P."

* * *

The *Mail* prints an account of a meeting held by children in the constituency contested by General Pole-Carew, in which they carried a resolution in favour of Protection.

The resolution of the Protectionists being brought to the notice of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry, on learning that the proposer of the resolution was not more than ten, expressed no surprise.

* * *

Our insularity has received a fresh blow, and Englishmen who had hitherto hugged to themselves the belief in the vast superiority of their lot over that of the people of the Tsar, have now to reconstruct their ideas. Russia, according to a contemporary, has only ninety daily papers.

The District Railway, I notice, is making a splendid effort to cope with the "straphanger" difficulty. Some of the carriages have been entirely re-strapped, and the new straps are at once more numerous, stouter, and far more pleasant to travel by than the old.

* * *

The march of the unemployed from Manchester to London is not, we learn, being participated in by any Lancashire Conservative candidates.

* * *

Blackmailing has always been a profitable profession, but, like all businesses which bring in big returns, it has its risks, as that estimable New York paper, *Town Topics*, is discovering. If you are on the staff of *Town Topics* you must be prepared, it would seem to creep into any place where you are not wanted, and listen. One man gained access to a ball by disguising himself as a tambourine player, while scandalous stories about a ladies' school were gained by passing as a professor of mathematics. To be immune from these outrages, you have, it seems, to get on a "white list" kept at the office, which means that you have paid once and are free. But the lot of a victim who has once paid is hard.

HEARD IN THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

EDITOR (*to Jones*): Mr. J. P. Harrison Jones is giving a private dinner to-night to discuss his son's entanglement with Rosey Cakewalk. There will be plenty of champagne, and you must bribe the butler to let you hide in the ice-pail and overhear what arrangements are made

JONES: Yes, sir. Shall I be able to have a foot-warmer?

JONES: No; but you will get some splendid copy, and that will give you a glow of satisfaction.

Playgoing Under the Seven o'Clock System

(*Overheard in the Stalls at Terry's*)

G. 7 (*Stall No.*): The wife said I couldn't have dinner at six, so I had tea and an egg. Beastly. I believe they'd been saving that egg up for a rainy day.

G. 8: Cicely told me this morning that she would order dinner for a quarter to six, so I got home early, but found that there was no dinner. Cook wouldn't hear of it. She said her Union didn't allow her to serve dinner before seven. She said another night, if we let her know in time, she'd give us high tea.

B. 4: Say, Cis, wouldn't you like to be on the stage walking into that cold ham?

B. 5 (*his wife*): And there's chicken coming!

B. 4: I'd be thankful for a glass of that Château Peckham (*bottled in the shop*).

D. 16 (*to friend in glasses and short hair*): I think there is something very spiritual, very un-gross, if you follow me, about Mr. Welch. He doesn't look to me as though he ever dined. His is an art which is best appreciated when one is fasting. Don't you think?

D. 17 (*friend in glasses*): He is a real idealist. How clever of Mr. Jones to recognise that, and enshroud him in this beautiful idealist part. Trodden to the ground by boots, he yet sees higher things reflected in — in their patent leather. I think it is really beautiful.

K. 9 (*a generous liver*): Well, I don't know, but I think one wants a spiffing good stuff-out to swallow a woman putting up with a patent kid chap like that.

K. 10 (*his sympathetic companion*): And they do nothing but examine menus and gas about going to dinner on yachts.

M. 3 (*to his pal*): Makes you feel beastly intellectual, eh, what. Pinero ought to give us medals. Didn't he say that you should have nothing but high tea before the intellectual drama?

M. 4: Don't remember what he said you should have before the "tomfoolery" drama, do you? He'd want oysters, steaks, and a tankard before he'd stomach this.

(*Heard after the play is over—in the foyer.*)

(*Scraps of conversation*): "Carlton," "Savoy," "Princes," "All right," "Yes, Bolton's coming," "Simpsons—quite close," "Gaiety's the nearest."

Brown to Jones (*a weary-looking critic*): Come along, old chap, and have supper.

Jones (*brushing back his straggly hair*): Supper! Don't you know this is all for my benefit? I haven't had any lunch, except a sandwich at the rehearsal of another play, and I missed dinner, and I haven't had time to dress, but (*with a weary smile*) I have plenty of time to think out thoroughly what I'm going to say about this remarkable, this very remarkable, play.

Photo *Thomson*

The Rt. Hon. A. Akers-Douglas

Who, it has been announced, much to the concern of the Tariff Reform Press, is to lead (!) the Conservative Party pending the return of Mr. Balfour for the City. Mr. Akers-Douglas is the late Home Secretary

Those people who, whenever a tragedy occurs on a railway, shriek out for corridor trains as the inevitable panacea for all accidents to young women travelling alone, are mistaken in thinking that the present corridor carriages on our trunk lines offer any advantages over the old system. They supply merely a series of small compartments, with a connecting passage, along which anyone may stroll searching for a victim. With the old carriages, at least, you had to climb along the outside of the train to gain another compartment. The only real safeguard is to have open carriages, as on our electric lines, but few would look forward to this with unmixed joy. Travellers on long journeys like more comfort and more privacy. Watch the passengers selecting compartments on a train which is starting for a three or four-hundred mile run. They avoid those that are occupied as though the occupants had the plague. They seize on an empty one with joy. If there is one thing that the ordinary Englishman or Englishwoman fears more than being murdered, it is the immediate proximity of a fellow-passenger who may wish to talk. A dreamy scientist used to accuse me of selecting a carriage as carefully as though I were going to live in it for the rest of my life. So I do.

* * *

A man has been discovered who is still making use of his 1906 diary.

* * *

A South London bookseller has left a fortune of £35,000, and fellow-tradesmen are now asking what other profession it was in which he was engaged.

* * *

Apropos of the portrait in our last week's issue, Mr. John Redmond denies that in his opinion the ideal election colour is not green but Healy-troupe.

* * *

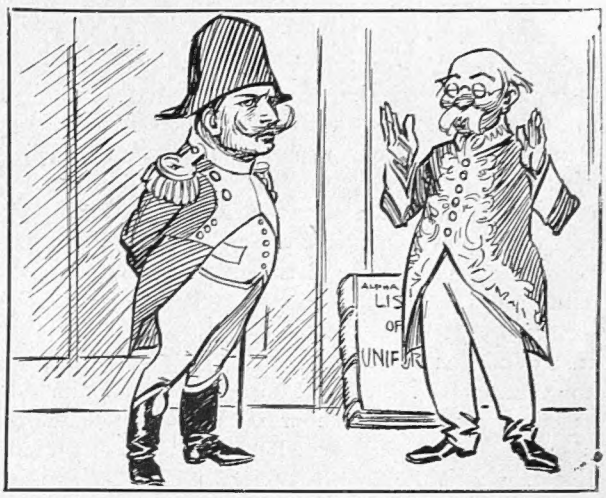
I have every sympathy with Archdeacon Colley, who wants to amend the burial laws so as to prevent any possibility of premature burial. There is nothing more gruesome to be conceived than the idea of a buried victim coming to life in his or her coffin. No one doubts that this has happened scores of times, and the risk could be, and should be, avoided at any cost. Of course, cremation solves the question, but sentiment is still a strong factor against it, and is likely to be until we become a thinking nation. I remember one case within my personal experience, which might have ended disastrously. A little girl, now a charming wife and mother, was certified as dead. She lay in her room at the top of the house, and the window was opened in accordance with the old custom. Meanwhile the sorrowing family sat downstairs. The cold air coming through the open window revived the girl, and coming to herself — chilled, frightened, and lonely — she shrieked out "mother." Her mother hearing, rushed upstairs and fainted. Result, the child recovered at once, while the mother all but died of shock.

The Topictator

The Latest Malady

1ST CIT.: "What's up with Jones? Been left a fortune? He used to know me"

2ND CIT.: "S's'sh! Poor chap's been looking at ladders and polling results so long he's got 'election neck'"



Another Chance for the Kaiser

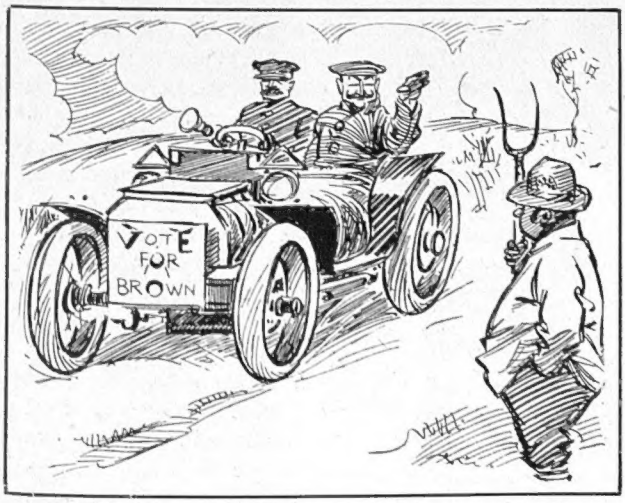
"Neutralise the British Navy, and the Kaiser might, if so disposed, repeat the military exploits of Napoleon a century ago."—*Pioneer*, Allahabad

(*Our artist's impression of how this idea o' the "Pioneer's" strikes the Kaiser*)

A Mere Infant

THE OTHERS: "Phew! that Party's grown since he was here last!"

THE LABOUR PARTY: "Ah! and I ain't done growin' yet, gents"



(*One of the features of the Election has been the great use made of the motor*)

THE MOTOR: "I, for one, shan't be sorry when this affair is over"

Misled

DEAR OLD LADY (*whose husband has voted for 'Buggins and big Loaf'*): "Hi! Mister! this here's the same size as the last!"

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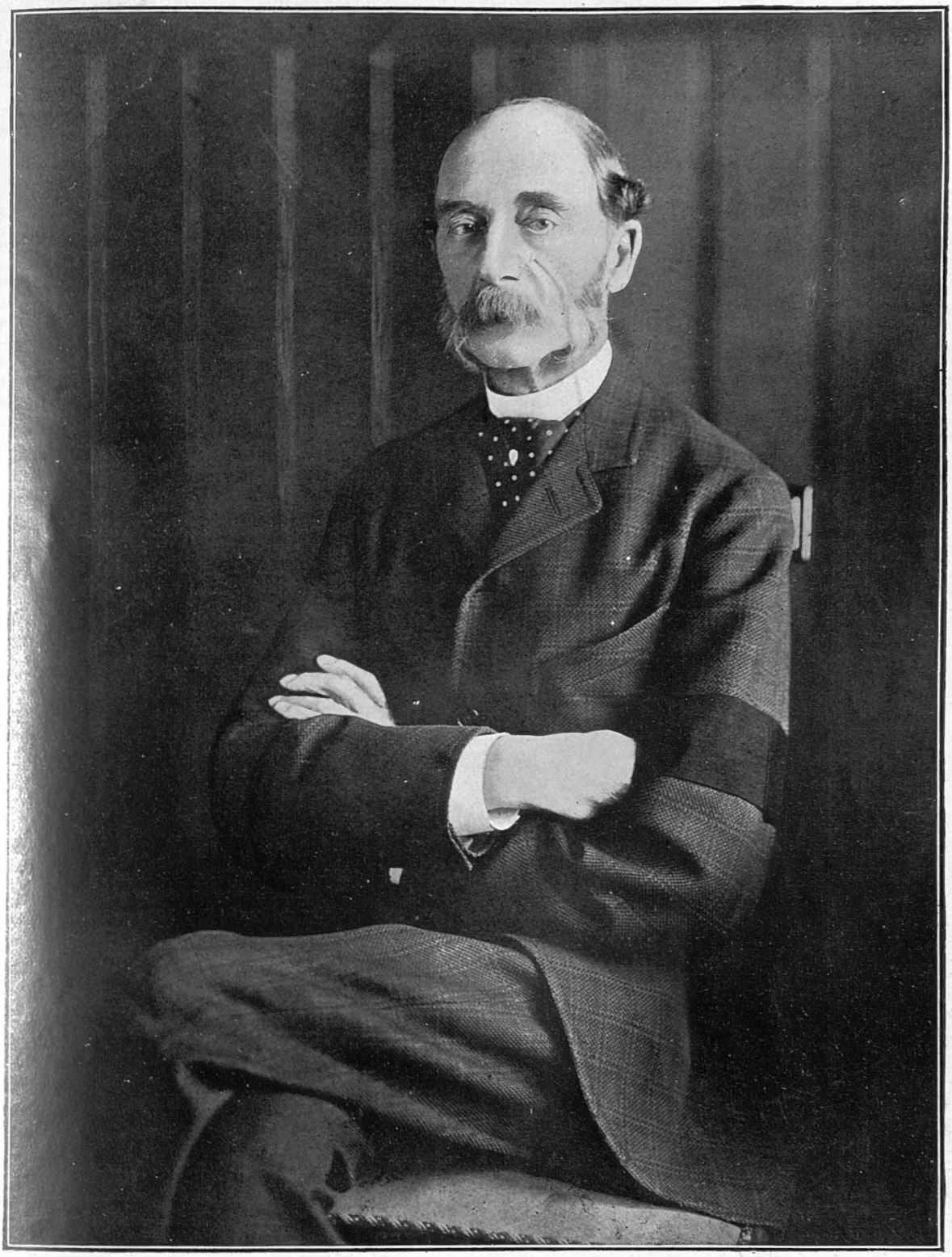


Photo *Russell*

The Late King Christian IX. of Denmark

The news on Monday afternoon of the death of King Christian IX. of Denmark was received with the deepest regret. The aged monarch, who was in his eighty-ninth year, was a typical *grand seigneur* of the old school. Sovereign of a most democratic country, his playing of the autocrat was regarded as the whim of the nation's spoilt child. He was adored by his subjects, and it is recorded how a knot of Socialists, gathered in the street, begged his advice as he passed on one of his customary walks through Copenhagen. The death of Queen Alexandra's father will have a wide effect upon the social world. It will throw not alone the English, but several European Courts into mourning, and will probably cause the postponement of King Alfonso's marriage.

Photography v. The Referee

'Sticks!'

An incident in the hockey match last week between Middlesex (two goals) to Surrey (one goal). But the appeal for a foul was not allowed, in spite of the position of the player's stick as indicated in the photograph

It is difficult to keep up interest in *The Heroic Stubbs* at Terry's Theatre, where Mr. James Welch has been provided with a rôle by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. The farcical elements of the piece are the best. But too much "tomfoolery" does not suit Mr. Jones's book, so from time to time he drops in a handful of serious matter as seasoning. To take a metaphor from the wine-list, the play is a *pousse café*. It is carefully constructed in layers. It contains elements of farce, comedy, drawing-room drama, which do not mingle by reason of their different specific gravities. The adventures of the little bootmaker are too preposterous. He belongs to the realms of farce, and has no business in a comedy. His devotion to Lady Hermione Candlish could not be taken seriously, with the result that the pathetic note jarred. All possibilities of humour are exhausted by the end of the third act.

Mr. Welch was as good as the part allowed him to be.

Miss Gertrude Kingston adopted a deliberation which recalled the mannerisms of Miss Compton. It was a performance too subtle for the Philistine, who will be inclined to call it colourless.

Mr. E. Dagnall, too, was deliberate as Hobday, the slow-witted landlord, but with more reason. He was frantically funny.

* * *

To C.-B., from Whitehall

(By a Permanent Official)

When time with pendulumic swings
  Opens our Office gates
And those in Opposition brings
  To stand before the grates;
When they've entangled some affair,
  We wink the other eye—
M.P.'s that flit without a pair
  Know no such liberty.

When loud complaints of us are found
  In that annoying *Times*,
Our careless heads ignore the sound
  Of censure on our crimes.
We draw our pay, we eat and sleep,
  And stamp our letters free—
Pressmen that Kipple on the cheap
  Know no such liberty.

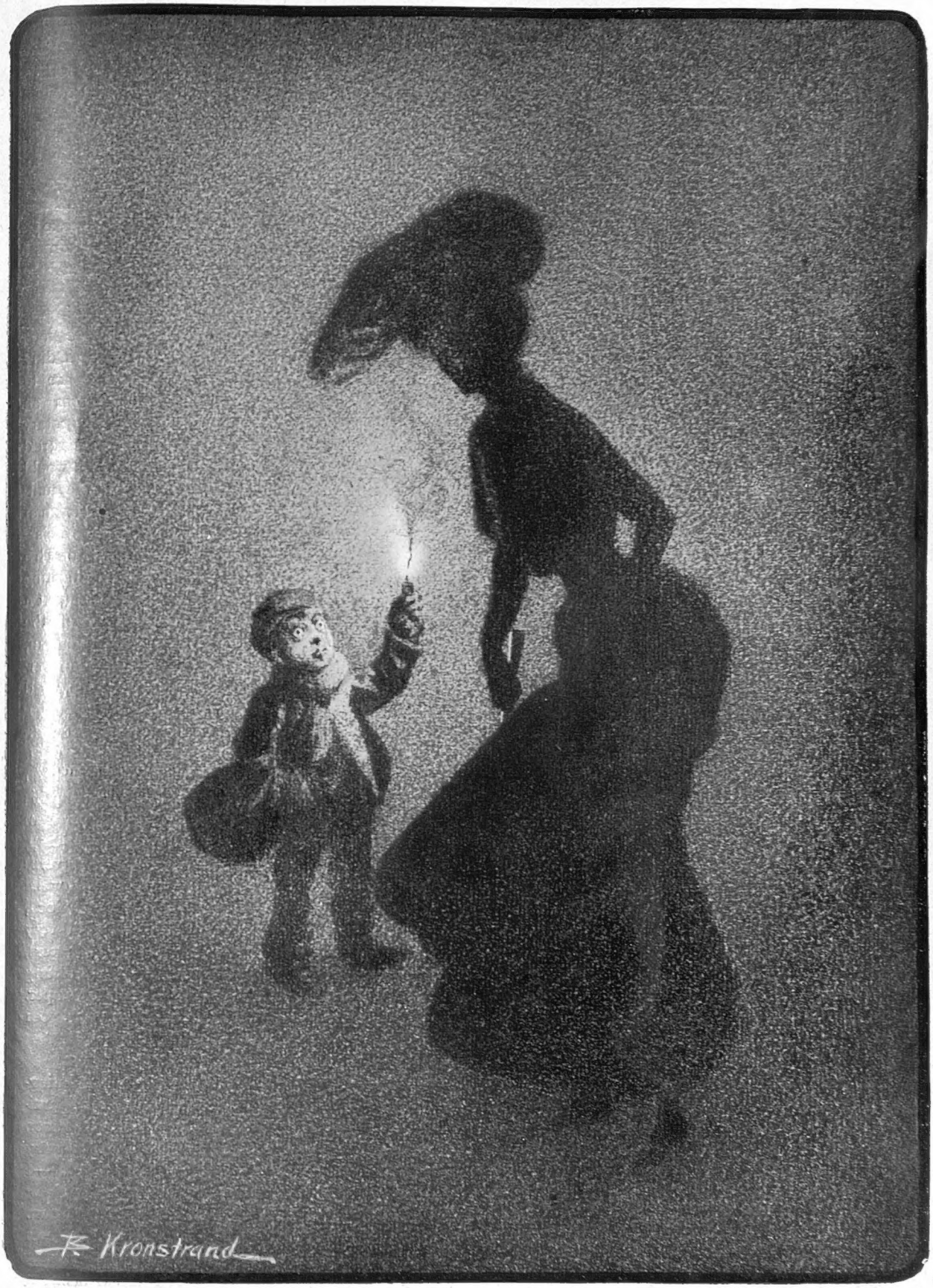
When, by Committees chidden, I
  With shriller throat shall sing
How I perform my utmost by
  My country and my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
  I am, how great should be,
Enlarged cars whose toots obtrude
  Know no such liberty.

New brooms do not a clearance make,
  Though platform stars may rage.
Minds wild and whirling have to take
  Me for a heritage.
While I've the easy job I love
  And have my evenings free
Santos alone that soars above
  Enjoys such liberty.

Photo *Parisian Photo Co.*

Football on Tour: "Lady Madcap" Company v. Edinburgh University

Miss Marie Studholme, occupying the seat of honour in the centre of the group, kicked off in this match



IN A LONDON FOG

"See yer 'ome, lidy!"

AN IMPRESSIONISTIC SKETCH BY B. KRONSTRAND

The Spanish Marriage

I see that Princess Ena, whose engagement is at last officially announced, has joined the Biarritz Golf Club. She is a very good player, and I wonder rather whether she will get a chance of playing when she is Queen of Spain. Her conversion to Rome has been, of course, all along a settled thing, and though the act of receiving the Princess into the Roman Church will be attended with a very fair amount of ceremonial, she will not, as was once mooted, travel to Rome itself for the ceremony. It is said that Cardinal Merry del Val is much disappointed, as he hoped to make the occasion of the conversion of a Princess of errant England a very noteworthy one in the eyes of the world, even though such conversion is so entirely a matter of politics.

* * *

Elections may come and elections may go, but weddings, it would seem, go on for ever. Entertaining in town during the last week or two has been practically non-existent, and people, having plenty of time on their hands, have turned up in crowds at the several weddings. One of the most interesting of the country ones was that of Mr. Thomas Gurney to Miss Muriel Sykes at Kirk Ella. Mr. Gurney, who is in the 2nd Life Guards, is one of the most popular men in town, and is the brother of Lady Dudley and the literary Lady Troubridge, who is married to the descendant of Nelson's Captain Troubridge, and is a clever short story writer.

Two town weddings, for which lots of people came up to London specially, were those of Mr. Cecil Paget and Lady Alexandra Osborne, sister of the Duke of Leeds, who came over to England in order to give his sister away, and Captain Grenside-Hooper, 21st Lancers, with Miss Dorothea Frankland; but otherwise, really nothing worth chronicling has happened. Of course, in the country, house-parties and county balls and hunting have been in full swing, but in town, all the Unionist hostesses were too depressed to *think* of entertaining, and all the Liberals too overcome with astonishment and joy to have a thought for mere social distraction.

* * *

It is really heart-breaking to think how many women are now contemplating sadly the dead-sea fruit of failure! Endeavour, or, in other words, electioneering, crowned with success is most exhilarating, but with failure as its only crown it is just useless fatigue and expense. Still, the little band of defeated workers have striven gallantly and made the pluckiest fight, and amongst this gallant band is the subject of our frontispiece, Mrs. Laurie Rowley, the wife of the Conservative ex-candidate for West Nottingham. Mrs. Rowley is one of the most popular women in the Midlands, and, besides driving a four-in-hand and hunting with the Bicester Hounds, she finds time to go in for modelling and painting to quite a creditable extent.

* * *

Talking of hunting impels me to ask the question: Stands chivalry where it did? Apparently not, if we are to form an opinion from an article in a contemporary entitled, "Ill-Mannered Huntsmen." Indeed, it would seem that chivalry in the hunting field is even deader than it is alleged to be elsewhere. According to the aforesaid article, two hunting women complained that, at a recent run with one of the "crack" packs, an irate man, just because they inadvertently spoiled his jump, used the most insulting language My sympathies, I must confess, are with the irate man. No one who has not "been there," *i.e.* had to pull up his mount short and sharp, in full cry on a perfect jump, just because two perverse females block the way while they pin up a refractory lock, or peer round for an easy jump, regardless of followers, can realise the shocking strain it puts on the temper. Missing your drive or your train is nothing to it.

Photo *Franzen*

His Majesty the King of Spain

Whose formal meeting with his bride-elect, Princess Ena, took place at Biarritz last week

We are also told that the number of hunting-women is greatly increasing. Under the anti-chivalrous conditions, therefore, I offer the suggestion that, just as in a few churches and on a great many golf links, the sheep are separated from the goats—I mean, the men from the women—so should they be on the hunting field. They should have their own meet, their own fox, their own pack, and their own field. The only thing against this rather neat suggestion is that, in all probability, the women, in whose interests it is made, would think it deadly dull hunting without the men, who, after all, language or no language, have their uses. They would certainly run less risk of having their pretty ears polluted by

Princess Ena of Battenberg

FROM CHILDHOOD TO WOMANHOOD

Aged one year

Aged four years

Princess Ena

Photos

Aged six years

Hughes and Mullins

Aged ten years

Mr. Carnegie and His Flag

horrid masculine language; but then, there are worse things even than bad language, as every girl who has played hockey at school knows.

* * *

"New every morning," according to his place of residence for the time being, is the music which awakens Mr. Carnegie from his innocent slumbers. In New York, on the stroke of eight, "Lead Kindly Light" bursts forth from an organ, and not only inspires Mr. Carnegie for the day, but makes his waking thoughts soothing and pleasant.

At Skibo Castle, N.B., at 7.45 he is awakened, not by hymns, but by the skirl of the bagpipes (three of them) under his window. At eight, the native musicians (*sic*) depart, Mr. Carnegie apparently finding fifteen minutes of the bagpipes enough and to spare, and not being sufficiently *en accorde* with the immortal bard to say with

If music be the food of love, play on,
play on,

as far as the Scottish national instrument is concerned. But what nerves the great man must have! Skirling, as a substitute for a cup of weak tea, smacks not at all of decadence!

* * *

Talking of Skibo Castle, reminds me of the flag which Mr. Carnegie adopted for his own when he came to settle in this country. It flies proudly over Skibo Castle whenever the "Laird" is in residence.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie

Of whom a good story is related below in connection with a certain flag

Apropos of this flag, a good story is told of Sir Thomas Lipton. A year or two ago, the genial baronet was cruising round the north coast of Scotland with a party of guests, and among them was an American, whom we shall call the Colonel. One fine morning, the *Erin* anchored off Skibo Castle, and the Colonel, who happened to be early on deck, noticed a skiff under full sail putting off from the shore. He picked up a glass on the bridge, and after examining the boat closely through it, sent word to Sir Thomas that Mr. Carnegie's launch was approaching the yacht. Shortly afterwards, Sir Thomas appeared on the bridge, and taking the glass proceeded to scrutinise the skiff. He then turned to the Colonel and asked what led him to think that it was Mr. Carnegie's boat. "I saw the flag," he answered, "the American flag." "Nonsense!" replied Sir Thomas, "it is the Union Jack." "It is the Stars and Stripes," the Colonel rejoined, and thereupon the altercation became very warm indeed—Sir Thomas maintaining his point in rather forcible Scots language, while the Colonel stuck to his in equally vigorous Americanese. Both were positive, and both got so heated, that finally the Colonel left the bridge in a huff, and went to his cabin, to sulk, like Achilles in his tent.

After a little time, Sir Thomas sent two successive messengers to ask him to come on deck, but he flatly refused, and returned a message to the effect that he was not to be insulted by hearing the American flag called the Union Jack. Finally, the Captain was sent down, and he persuaded the irate Colonel to go on deck. When he got to the bridge, Sir Thomas pointed in grim silence to the skiff, which was now close to the yacht. To his utter astonishment and dismay, the Colonel beheld flying from the boat a flag which represented the Union Jack on one side and the Stars and Stripes on the other! The Colonel, curiously enough, happened to see the American side, and Sir Thomas the English side, as the little vessel tacked. So both the disputants were right and both were wrong. They had not reckoned on Mr. Carnegie's ingenious method of showing his dual patriotism, and, of course, the matter ended in hearty laughter all round.

* * *

Signor Caruso, in "La Boheme"

Whose stage love-making is rather too much for Madame Eames

An Impression by W. Meikle

Evidently the ancestors of Madame Emma Eames, the famous singer, arrived in America on the *Mayflower*. In other words, though a prima donna she is also a bit of a Puritan, and Signor Caruso's passionate stage love-making is a little too much for her. According to one of the dramatic critics present at a performance of Puccini's "Tosca" at the New York Opera House, Madame Eames must have "felt the sensation of her life," for Caruso, in a transport of mimic passion, kissed her full upon the lips for half a minute, holding her meanwhile as in

The Algeciras Conference

1. The Representatives of France

Mons. Revoil, the French delegate, taking coffee in the hotel with members of his suite

2. Morocco's Envoys

Mohammed al Torres, the Moorish representative, and his suite, leaving the hotel for the Conference

3. The German Delegates

Count von Tattenbach and Herr von Radowitz, in the Hotel Reina Christina

THE Morocco Conference, at Algeciras, has not struck the discordant note in the world's harmony that was half feared. On the contrary, the reports of the pleasant little party of delegates in enclave in a charming Spanish town, with a spring-like climate, have come as a soothing balm after our troubled politics. It is good to know that Mons. Revoil (of France) and the British delegate, Sir A. Nicolson, have preserved a personal friendship throughout, and that Count Tattenbach, on behalf of the Kaiser, has not played too strenuous a part. Morocco's delegate, Mohammed al Torres, though eighty years old, has provided much picturesque variety, both by his Oriental costume and his very Oriental diplomatic tactics. To give a needed touch of gaiety to the Conference, it has been held during the week of the King of Spain's fête-day celebration, and also of the meeting between His Majesty and his bride-elect at Biarritz.

Photos *Underwood*

"General Post" at the Theatres

the grip of a bear. The lady's eyes, according to the same authority, for a minute (he seems to have had a stop-watch on his person) blazed with indignation, and her complexion was red and white also by fixed periods. The whole house, meanwhile, went into fits of ribald laughter. Evidently, however, Madame Eames stands alone in her disapproval of this too realistic playing, for the Caruso method of love-making is the more approved in New York, and the same critic characterises Madame Eames's performance of Marguerite as "lacking in ginger" (English — wanting in passion).

* * *

Our caricaturist has this week exercised his gentle art upon the personality of Mr. Huntley Wright, who lately crossed into the territory of the rather more "legitimate," without, however, burning his boats. In other words, Mr. Huntley Wright preserves in farce the mannerisms which he found so effective in musical comedy. That he is justified in this retention all may witness any evening at the Comedy Theatre.

* * *

"Enter the hero with the blonde voice." Of such an hero and his lady-love, the heroine, Mr. Herbert Swears has made excellent capital with his skit, *Hero and Heroine*, at the Palace Theatre. It is one of the merriest bits of fooling seen in a long day. Mr. Arthur Playfair and Miss Kate Cutler are the fun-makers, and most uproarious are the goings-on in "Their Cottage by the Surrey Side." Miss Kate Cutler, the heroine, in order to appear in the skit, has to do a wonderful double. She is playing in *The Spring Chicken* at the Gaiety Theatre, and within forty-five minutes she has to effect two changes of costume and the journey to the Palace and back. For this purpose, she is provided by Mr. Butt with a covered motor, fitted up as a dressing-room, so that she can change *en route*.

Photo *Thompson*

Miss Kate Cutler

As the Baroness Papouche in the *Spring Chicken*, at the Gaiety Theatre

The enterprise of the two managers, and the energy of Miss Cutler, have succeeded in establishing a precedent which may prove to be epoch-making. It is not difficult to conjure up a vision of one cast of twenty athletic actors and actresses, trained to a fine point in the difficult technique of Fregoli, playing a furious game of "general post" round all the West End theatres. The excitement of this new system is easily realised. The break-down of one motor dressing-room would leave gaps in the performances of all the theatres. These potential stage waits would have to be filled up by the quick-witted remnant of the one London cast, with the result that the *jeune première* would probably have to fill in with a few low-comedy gags before being allowed to dash off to the next theatre. If he expended his small margin of time, he would arrive breathlessly at his new point of call, and pick up his cue out of a volume of patter hastily supplied by the enraged performers in that theatre.

The new system would add considerably, too, to the already considerable difficulties of the playmaker's art. A and B playwrights would have to collaborate before venturing to settle the exits and the entrances of their characters. Of what use to Mr. Waller would be a protracted strong scene on the battlements in the third act, from the pen of Mr. Sutro, when the actor was due to give point to Mr Pinero's opening of the fourth act in Lady Bayswater's drawing-room?

* * *

It has been proved, once again, that it is a great thing to have a friend at court. The management of the Théâtre Francais have for some time been trying to persuade a member of their company to retire on a pension, but the member refuses, and no wonder. The lady in question is a Mlle. Dudley, and it appears that she owes her covetable position to the influence of M. Turquet, some time Under Secretary of State for the Fine Arts, as he, acting no doubt under persuasion, obliged the management of the theatre to admit her as a member of their company, and to give her, as such, a certain share of the profits. During the whole of last year, Mlle. Dudley only appeared on the stage once, and that was to recite the "Marseillaise" on the occasion of a free popular performance. For this hard work she drew no less than £1,280. Some people are just lucky, and how the directors of the Théâtre Francais can expect the lady to retire passes comprehension.

* * *

Many a householder, to whom the New Year has meant "bills, bills, bills," amongst which that from the doctor is certainly the most unwelcome, may be interested to learn the system on which the Emperor of China engages his physicians. These gentlemen are highly paid so long as His Majesty's health is sufficiently good to enable him to dispense with their services. If he falls ill, however, they are all immediately summoned to the Palace and detained there till their patient recovers, receiving no salary in the meantime. The Emperor's health is said to be usually pronounced satisfactory.

DRAWN BY J. W. THORPE

Practical Work for the Unemployed

The Duchess of Manchester, whose husband has just been appointed Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, it will be remembered, chose, some six years ago, totally to ignore the usual pomp and circumstance attendant upon a ducal wedding, and, so Miss Helena Zimmermann, one of the richest women in Chicago, walked quietly into Marylebone Parish Church early one morning and walked out again as the Duchess of Manchester. An announcement of the marriage appeared a few days afterwards on the front page of the *Times*, and this was the first intimation the world had of it.

* * *

The birth of a daughter to Princess Alexander of Teck, at Esher, has been received with great rejoicing. Her Royal Highness, who married Prince Alexander in February, 1904, is the only daughter of the late Prince Leopold and the Duchess of Albany, a sister of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and a niece of the King.

* * *

When the news was first published in London of the elopement, on New Year's Day, of a young Italian lady of noble birth, aged eighteen, with a Venetian nobleman of sixty-three, it was darkly hinted, in order to account for the great disparity in the ages of the amorous pair, that "there was a young cavalry officer behind the scenes, and that the old nobleman was merely acting as a blind." Evidently a Venetian blind.

* * *

All interested in the welfare of polo in the Army will hail with satisfaction the advent of a new committee established to promote the best interests of this most popular of all Service games. There was already, it is true, a small committee of three officers appointed to regulate the details of the annual Inter-Regimental Tournament, and in their hands the management of the soldiers' polo Championship has been all that it should be; but it was generally felt that this existing committee had not sufficient power to deal with Army polo generally, more particularly as regards safeguarding the conditions laid down for limiting the expenses. The new body, however, which is to be known as the "Army Polo Committee of Great Britain," will be fully competent to represent regimental polo matters authoritatively, for it will include the Inspector of Cavalry, Major-General R. S. Baden-Powell, as president, Cavalry Brigadiers, officers commanding regiments, and representatives of corps interested in polo, together with the three members of the existing Inter-Regimental sub-committee, who will continue their management of the tournament. Before the South African War, it must be admitted that the authorities had some cause of complaint as regards undue expenditure of time and money on regimental polo, but in the future it is clear that no grounds for cavil are to be permitted, and that this ideal game for soldiers is likely long to flourish in the Service.

Photo *Moffett*

The Duchess of Manchester

Whose husband has just been appointed Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard in succession to Lord Waldegrave

* * *

There is a pleasant foretaste of summer and the joys of the cricket season in the illustration below. Most of the schemes for helping the unemployed are of the hare-brained variety; not so this one, which is eminently practical.

BYSTANDER.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

One way to help the unemployed

Unemployed laying down new turf for a cricket pitch at Chingford, Epping Forest

MR. JIPPS *(Candidate for Mudboro'—to fair resident)*: "It's lady canvassers we are in need of, my dear Miss Chuffles; voters are only human, and where is the one who can withstand the fascinations of lovely woman?"

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON

Parisianisms

PARIS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27

By FRANCES KEYZER

It is not the most agreeable of sensations to take up the morning paper and read that a man you have been entertaining, and introducing to friends, has been arrested as a coiner. I know one or two Americans in the Champs-Elysée's quarter who must be feeling very uncomfortable at the disclosure of the Baron de Saint-Jean's identity and occupation. Fifteen years! A long time in an adventurer's life, and M. Saingent must have considered every day he passed as "the Baron" as so much profit.

A Philosophical Criminal

Like all criminals, he knew his lucrative career could not last for ever, and walked as philosophically to the Central Police Station as he did from the last reception in the Rue Galilée. Fifteen years in Paris, living in a luxurious apartment furnished with pictures and works of art—not always in the best of taste, but with certain decorative qualities—on the proceeds of a coining system! It seems incredulous. He was a clever man, in his way, to have so successfully carried out his scheme of coining and passing two-franc pieces, for it was no easy matter to pass as many two-franc pieces as he did during these years; but they eventually ruined him. For it was by paying a rather large amount in these pieces of money that he was suspected, shadowed, and discovered.

Society and Societies

To English people it always seems extraordinary how men of this stamp get a footing in Society. Society is a big word, yet it means so little. Any wealthy Brazilian, Mexican, or American generally, who settles in Paris, and has his entertainments chronicled in the *Figaro* or *Gaulois*, has a society of a kind. They are, however, always on the look out for titles, and if they happen to come across a Baron Saint-Jean they have no means of finding out whether their new acquaintance is a genuine aristocrat or a spurious one. In the "Almanack de Gotha" they find similar names, and they imagine that their Baron is a member of the same family, which you may be sure he never denies if the question is put to him. In French circles these mistakes cannot occur, and it follows that these adventurers are only met socially in the exotic colonies.

Guarded American Salons

There are some half-dozen American families whose salons are as well guarded as any of the

Photo *Chausseau-Flaviens*

The Elysée Palace, from the private gardens

The Elysée Palace is a cross between a country house and a hotel. Since its erection in 1718, it has enjoyed a chequered career, and has harboured such diverse characters as Mme. de Pompadour, Murat, Napoleon I., Louis Bonaparte and Queen Hortense, and Alexander I. of Russia

Parisians' homes, but the majority are only too glad to welcome anybody with a double-barrelled high-sounding name that swells their list to be sent with a fifty-franc note to be inserted in the Society echoes There is no fear of the English colony receiving black sheep among the French. Firstly, because they entertain very little and only among themselves, in a suburb called Neuilly. Secondly, because they are, with few exceptions, the representatives of large English firms and see no French people, except during business hours. No unpleasant surprise can come to them; in this respect, they are, perhaps, better off than the Americans.

M. Loubet Prepares for Departure

Until February 18, M. Loubet is in the peculiar position of being President of the State, with his official prestige daily decreasing. A King never knows beforehand the day that will be his last on the throne, but the President of the French Republic, who, like M. Loubet, remains in office

Chausseau-Flaviens

Principal entrance to the Elysée Palace

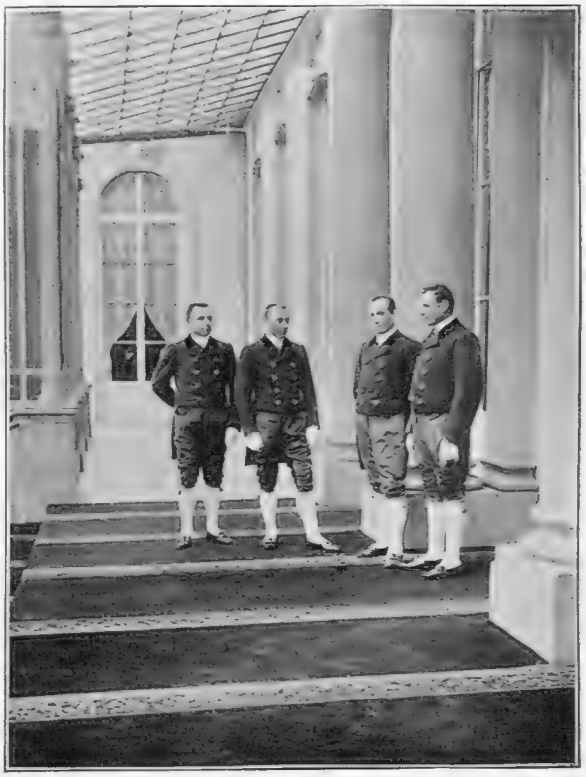
the specified seven years, can reckon out to a minute when his reign ceases. M. Fallières, at the Petit Luxembourg, where he resides as President of the Senate, is receiving all the visits; in fact, to express it vulgarly, he takes the shine out of his colleague at the Elysée. Everybody is bowing before the rising sun, and relating any past incidents likely to flatter the new Head of the State. M. Fallières, from all accounts, is remarkably hospitable, and one of the best-hearted men living.

Hospitable M. Fallières

He believes in the good old-fashioned system of "feeding the beast." At his country house, at Loupillon, he is in the habit of inviting to luncheon anybody who may happen to call on him at that time; and Mme. Fallières arranges her menus accordingly—a good substantial meal, to judge from Marcel Prevost's experience: Soup, boiled beef, a dish of duck's liver with a wine sauce, roast goose, and an apple tart—almost a Christmas dinner. At the Elysée, where the menus are prepared by a well-known firm of caterers, the new President will, perhaps, often regret the homely, but substantial fare.

The Elysée Palace

The Elysée Palace, situated in the Rue Faubourg Saint-Honoré, is a cross between a country house



Photo] **The Elysee Palace** *[Chausseau-Flaviens*

The glass awning added by M. Carnot is called by scoffers "the monkey palace"

and a hotel. It has had a chequered career since its erection in 1718, and has harboured some queer characters. Louis XV. presented it to Madame de Pompadour. Who knows how many *lettres-de-cachet* went out of the gates to imprison those who lampooned her? Under Louis XVI. it was called the Elysée Bourbon. During the Revolution it became National property, was put up for sale, found no purchaser, and was turned into a Government printing office. During the Directoire there were gay doings in the fine old rooms, and the *Merveilleuses* and *Incroyables* danced and gambled from sunset to sunrise. The rooms were let to a syndicate who made a large fortune out of the speculation. Since then the palace has been occupied by Murat, Napoleon I., Louis Bonaparte and Queen Hortense, Alexander the First of Russia, and the Duc de Berri. After the Revolution of 1830 it remained unoccupied until Louis Napoleon made it his residence whilst he was President of the Republic. Nearly all the subsequent Presidents of the present Republic have added to it. The large glass awning, seen from the Faubourg—called by the scoffers

"the monkey palace"—was the work of Carnot. His also is the large ball-room. The left wing was built by Louis Napoleon, and Grèvy added a room overlooking the garden. None of the Presidents seem to fancy its State bedroom, nor do they write at the Louis XIV. table, ornamented with brasswork chiselled by Gouttière. They have one and all preferred to furnish small rooms away from the solemn State apartments, and use an ordinary desk such as we find in any office.

Parisians Still in Paris

Although everybody is at Nice or Biarritz, there is still a good sprinkling of Parisians in the city. The theatres are tolerably full, and the music-halls are crowded. By a fortnight all Paris is supposed to have seen a new play. It is not considered smart to be seen at a play after it has been running more than that time. The Montmartre Cabarets are more in vogue than ever; but it is only at Fursy's we meet at all a fashionable crowd. Montmartre, however, seems to be extending, for there is a handful of singers in a hall called "Le Carillon," a few steps from the Gymnase Theatre, or the Grands Boulevards. I was attracted by the names placarded at the doors, names of well-known Montmartrois: Vincent Hyspa, Marcel Legay, Xavier Privas, among others. I found myself in a long room, lighted by electricity, the walls covered with clever caricatures and drawings, in an atmosphere of smoke, with a highly respectable audience. In the centre of the room, against the wall, there is a small platform and a piano, and a clever pianist who accompanies everything without music. I suppose he knows the songs they sing—he has heard them for years.

A Plethora of Poets

Old poets, bald-headed poets, grey-headed poets, pouring out their sentimental lays in cracked voices. Yet there must be something in their songs that seem to last for ever, and can always draw a public. Hyspa is the most modern among the singers, for he turns his muse to the events of the day. In a dry, monotonous chant he relates his version of Dom Carlos' reception by Loubet at a gala banquet. He has seized the funny side of the Portuguese monarch's stay in Paris; the difficulties the Parisians experienced in finding anything to interest him, and their surprise at his healthy appetite. Dinners were his delight, and dinners they gave him. Hyspa has chosen a dinner as the subject of his song. It was not a delicate repast, but there was plenty; and the royal guest did honour to the leg of mutton and to

Un bœuf sauce au vin,
Quequ'chose enfin pour qu'il mange beaucoup de pain.

In Montmartre, tradition has it that M. Loubet's wines at the Elysée were none of the best brand, not that it is probable that any of the poets had a chance of testing them. Still, as the tradition has lasted for seven years, the joke had to be upheld, and when on taking his leave Loubet invites the King to come back the next day "to finish the mutton," Dom Carlos accepts, but whispers in the President's ear: "I'll bring the wine!" This line was received with roars of laughter, and the audience went home happy, with the thought that they had had their money's worth.

A Song Worth Two Francs Admission

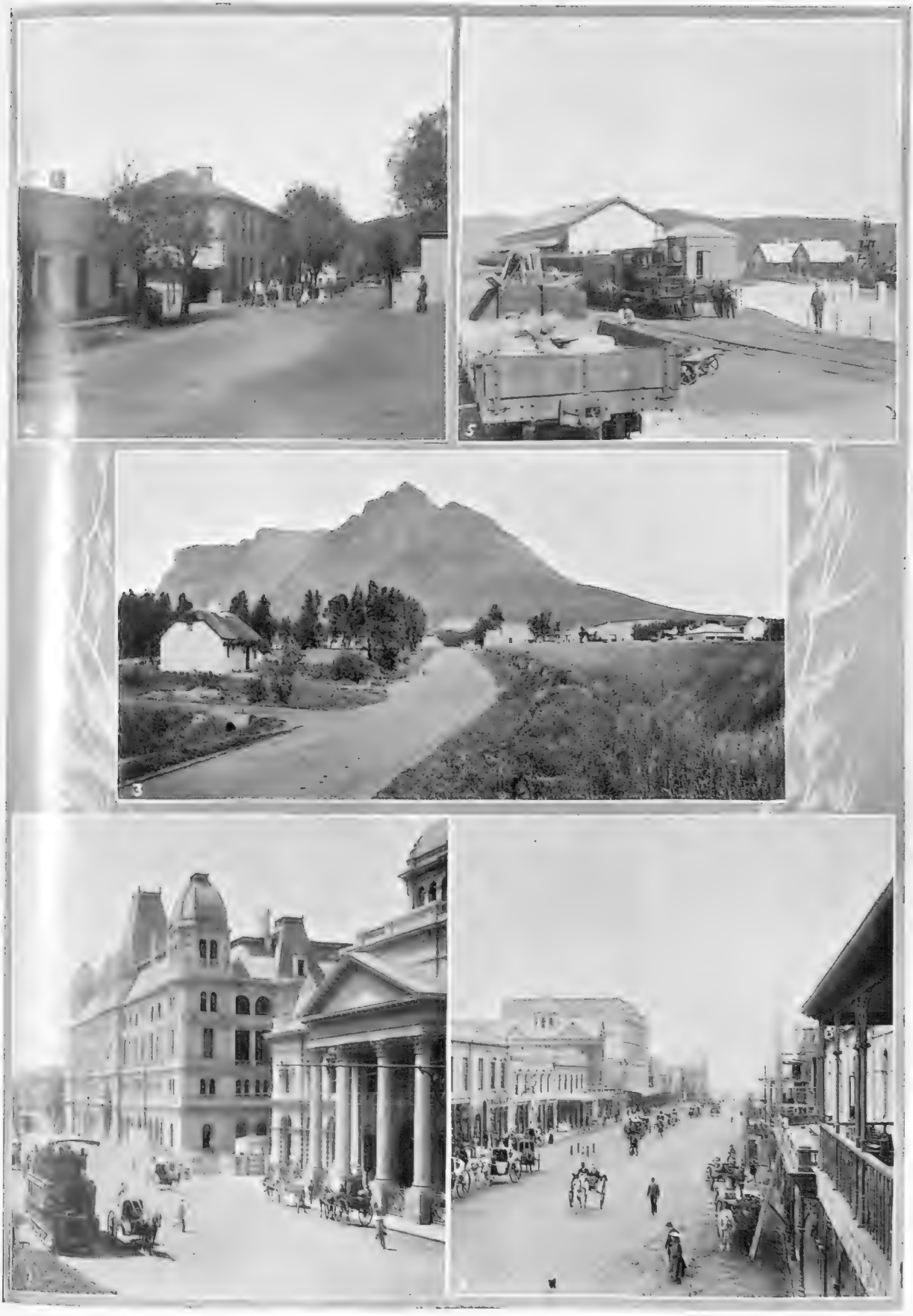
This song alone was worth the two francs entrance, inclusive of a drink. Strange, that in no other country, even in no other city in France, can such a humorous and artistic entertainment be provided where the artists are all men. There is nothing but the wit and talent of the poets. But you must listen from a Parisian point of view.

FRANCES KEYZER.

Photo] One of the principal salons of the Elysee Palace [*Chausseau-Flaviens*

On the Cape to Cairo Railway

SCENES ON THE JOURNEY NORTH FROM CAPE TOWN



(1) Cape Town: New Adderley Street and Post Office (2) Cape Town: Adderley Street

(3) Outside Cape Town: The Devil's Peak, at the rear of Table Mountain (from Mowbray)

(4) Wynberg, near Cape Town (5) Magersfontein, the scene of a famous battle, as it is to-day

On the Cape to Cairo Railway

SCENES ON THE JOURNEY NORTH FROM CAPE TOWN

(1) Mafeking: Part of Market Square (2) Northward from Mafeking: The Cape-to-Cairo Railway station at Tobatsi
(3) Kalomo, capital of North-West Rhodesia: The Government House
(4) The native village at Baralong, in Rhodesia (5) Kimberley: De Beers' Compound

On the Cape to Cairo Railway

SCENES ON THE JOURNEY NORTH FROM CAPE TOWN

(1) North of Kalomo: An advance party in the bush of North Rhodesia

(2) Ruins in North Rhodesia, suggestive of the legend of King Solomon's mines

(3) Rhodesian Scenery: Kynona

(4) The Kafue River (a tributary of the Zambesi), north of Victoria Falls, to which the Railway has now penetrated, en route for Lake Tanganyika and the junction with the Egyptian line southward

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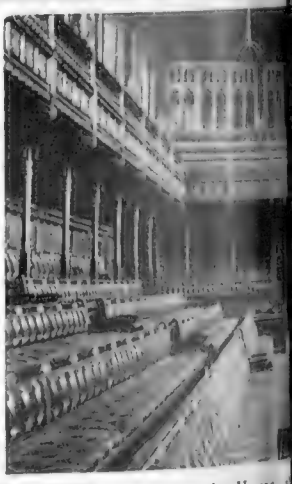

Interior of the House,

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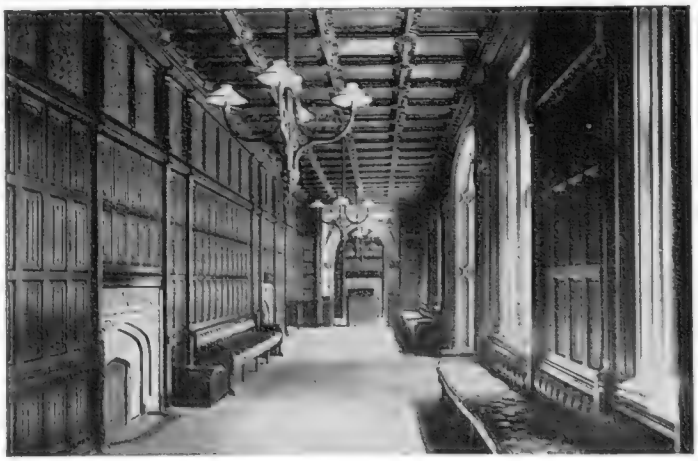
Strangers' Gallery, etc.

Leader of the Opposition's Room

Terrace Smoking-room



"No" Lobby

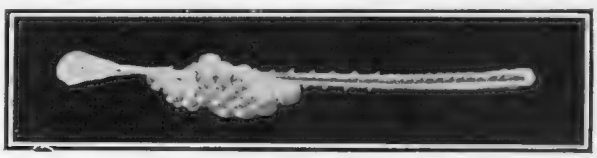
Golf Notes and Notions

"A plague on both your houses."

At the moment of writing, when we are in the midst of the most exciting and important General Election that this generation has experienced, and when the weather is so atrocious that golf is almost an impossibility, the fate of the golfing scribe is not an enviable one. Nobody is thinking of anything really sensible and serious like golf, but everybody has his mind concentrated on the various iniquities perpetrated or uttered by his opponents in politics. His one sole aim in life for the moment is to see his political adversary securely lodged in the deepest and direst bunker that he can dig for him, and to avoid stumbling into the pit contrived for him by the hated enemy.

The Political Links

The political links have taken the place of those delightful sandy wastes on which, at other and soberer moments of our life, we are wont to disport ourselves, and for the nonce, as I say, golf has to give way to the lesser duties o life, such as canvassing, speechifying, and getting into or out of Parliament. All this election hubbub and political excitement are all very well in their way, and appeal to our fighting and sensation-loving instincts, but they are distinctly not business, so far as the golfing writer is concerned. He, for his part, has, perforce, to take his hand off the golfing pulse, and take his place amid the fevered throng who are rushing to meetings, or hurrying to the polling booth to record their votes. Instead of concentrating his mind on the abstruse problems provided for his study by the wise forethought of the legislative authorities of golf, noting the advent of new courses and clubs, and recording the performances of his favourite golfing heroes, he has to absorb tons of literature provided for his consumption by anxious candidates, in which the pros and con's of Free Trade and Protection are set forth *usque ad nauseam*. Not only is his life made burdensome in this fashion by outside sources, but his household is rent and torn by the Fiscal discussions which proceed without cease from early morn to "mountain dewy" eve. He finds to his dismay that his bosom friend, with whom he has played more games of golf than he cares to count, no longer delights to discuss the game with him, even if, indeed, he still cares to play it with him. Instead of friendly and fruitful discussions about the stymie and casual water, he finds, to his horror, that the friend of his earliest golfing years is a red-hot Tariff Reformer, and is bent now, not on converting him to his views in favour of rooting out the stymie, but to those of the apostle of preferential tariffs. Heated and painful arguments ensue, and but for the intervention of calmer members of the family, golf might resume a momentary hold over the disputants in the shape of niblicks and heavy irons, used, alas! not for purposes of golf, but for enforcing rival theses. Other intermittent and fleeting visions of golf may arise through the mention of unfortunate and noted golfers who have fallen victims to the frenzy of the electors.



Photo] **An ancient golf trophy** *Miss M. C. Fair*

In the possession of Mr. William McInroy, the Laird of Lude, in Perthshire

Golfing Metaphors

You feel your way cautiously back to golf by remarking in a gentle voice, "Poor Balfour and Lyttelton have got into bad bunkers. I wonder how they are going to get out, and how they like the course that was laid out for them by the Birmingham Club." But your well-meant effort is not of the slightest avail. You have probably only raised fresh fury in the breast of your interlocutor, if he be a Conservative or Tariff Reformer, or converted your hearer, if a Liberal, into the semblance of a howling Red Indian dancing round the stake to which the victim is tied whom he intends to torture with every possible ingenuity. Try how you may, you will fail in your endeavour to get away from the political maelstrom. It will inevitably suck you, your golf theories, your clubs, your players, and your courses, into its whirling eddies, and if you wish to escape alive you must jettison your golf cargo and boldly strike out on the political sea yourself. Take the case of the unhappy writer of these notes. It was his firm intention when he sat down to continue the exposition of that golfing philosophy by which he modestly (?) hopes to hand down his name to an admiring and grateful golfing posterity. He had a charming little subject ready to his hand in the shape of a fresh absurdity recently discovered in the rules—one of those cunning little pitfalls which are the despair of those whose thankless duty it is to draw up the rules, and the joy of the critic whose perverse pleasure lies in pulling those same rules to pieces. But my pen, infected by the political virus of the moment, absolutely refused its proper office, and instead of pouring forth a pellucid stream of golfing discussion, has inflicted on you, my dear readers, the foregoing muddy farrago of political nonsense. For this I beg you not to blame me, but the shortsighted Constitution of our realm which, in the shape of the Septennial Act, inflicts a General Election from time to time on all golfers, in common with the rest of the community.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

A Unique Golf Trophy

There is, in the possession of Mr. William McInroy, the Laird of Lude, in Perthshire, Scotland, an ancient trophy of the most ancient national game of golf. This unique example of the silversmith's art consists of a life-sized silver golf club, to which a number of life-sized silver golf balls are attached. On each of these balls a name and date are engraved, the record of a match and its winner year by year at the beginning of the last century, the trophy having been then the property of a celebrated golf club. There are altogether seventeen of these engraved balls attached to the club, the trophy having been presented to the present Laird's father many years ago by the club to whom it belonged.

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 8.

THE SUICIDES IN THE RUE DES VENTS

By LEONARD MERRICK

(Author of "The Worldlings," "The Actor-Manager," "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," etc.)

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."—*Chesterfield.*

Having bought the rope, Tournicquot wondered where he should hang himself. The lath-and-plaster ceiling of his room might decline to support him, and at five o'clock in the afternoon a lamp-post was out of the question. As he roamed on, he reflected that a pan of charcoal would have been more convenient after all; but the coil of rope in the doorway of a shop had lured his fancy, and now it would be laughable to throw it away.

Tournicquot was much averse from being laughed at in private life—perhaps because Fate had willed that he should be laughed at so much in his public capacity at Le Jardin Extérieur. Could he have had his way, indeed, Tournicquot would have been a great tragedian, instead of a little droll, whose portraits, with a bright red nose and a scarlet wig, grimaced on every kiosk in the Quarter; and he resolved that, at any rate, the element of humour should not mar his suicide.

As to the motive for his death, it was as romantic as his heart desired. He adored "La Belle Lucrèce," the fascinating Snake Charmer, and somewhere in the background the artiste had a husband. How little the audience at Le Jardin Extérieur suspected the passion that devoured their grotesque comedian while he cut his capers, and turned love to ridicule; how little they divined the pathos of a situation which condemned him behind the scenes to whisper the most sentimental assurances of devotion when disfigured by a flaming wig and a nose that was daubed vermillion! Truly it is said, "Not half the world knows how the other half lives!"

But such incongruities would distress Tournicquot no more—to-day he was to die; he had worn his chess-board trousers and his little green coat for the last time; for the last time had the relentless virtue of Lucrèce driven him to despair. When he was discovered inanimate, hanging to a beam, nothing comic about him, perhaps the world would admit that his soul had been solemn, though his "line of business" had been funny; perhaps Lucrèce would even drop warm tears upon his tomb.

It was an evening in late autumn, and dusk was already gathering over Paris. The white glare of electric globes began to flood the boulevards; before the cafés, waiters bustled among the tables, bearing the "tasses," the vermouth, the absinthe of the hour. Instinctively shunning the more frequented thoroughfares, Tournicquot wandered, plunged in reverie, until he perceived that he had reached a neighbourhood which was unknown to him—that he stood at the corner of a street which bore the name "Rue des Vents." Opposite, one of the dwellings was being rebuilt, and as he gazed at it—this skeleton of a home in which the workmen's hammers were silenced for the night—Tournicquot recognised that his journey was at an end. Here, he could not doubt that he would find the last, grim hospitality that he sought. The house had no door to bar his entrance, but—as if in omen—above the gap where a door had been, the sinister number "13" was still to be discerned. He cast a glance over his shoulder, and, grasping the rope with a firm hand, crept inside.

It was dark within, so dark that at first he could discern nothing but the gleam of bare walls. He stole along the passage, and, mounting a flight of steps on which his feet sprung mournful echoes, proceeded stealthily towards an apartment on the first floor. At this point the darkness became impenetrable, for the *persiennes* had been closed, and in order to make his arrangements, it was necessary that he should have a light. He paused, fumbling in his pocket; and then, with his next step, blundered against a body which swung from the contact like a human being suspended in mid-air.

Tournicquot leapt backwards in terror. A cold sweat bespangled him, and for some seconds he shook so violently that he was unable to strike a match. At last, when he accomplished it, he beheld an apparently dead man hanging by a rope in the doorway.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" gasped Tournicquot. And the thudding of his heart seemed to resound through the deserted house.

Humanity impelled him to rescue the poor wretch, if it was still to be done. Shuddering, he whipped out his knife, and sawed at the cord desperately. The cord was stout, and the blade of the knife but small; an eternity seemed to pass while he sawed in the darkness. Presently one of the strands gave way. He set his teeth and pressed harder, and harder yet Suddenly the rope yielded and the body fell to the ground. Tournicquot threw himself beside it, tearing

Our next week's story will be "The Strangling of Cupid," by Ella Maclachlan

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open the collar, and using frantic efforts to restore animation. There was no result. He persevered, but the body lay perfectly inert. He began to reflect that it was his duty to inform the police of the discovery, and he asked himself how he should account for his presence on the scene. Just as he was considering this, he felt the stir of life. As if by a miracle the man groaned.

"Courage, my poor fellow!" panted Tournicquot. "Courage—all is well!"

The man groaned again; and after an appalling silence, during which Tournicquot began to tremble for his fate anew, he asked feebly, "Where am I?"

"You would have hanged yourself," explained Tournicquot. "Thanks to Heaven, I arrived in time to save your life!"

In the darkness they could not see each other, but he felt for the man's hand and pressed it warmly. To his consternation, he received, for response, a thump in the chest.

"*Mon Dieu*, what an infernal cheek!" croaked the man. "So you have cut me down? You meddlesome idiot, by what right did you poke your nose into my affairs, *hein?*"

Dismay held Tournicquot dumb.

"*Hein?*" wheezed the man; "what concern was it of yours, if you please? Never in my life before have I met with such a piece of presumption!"

"My poor friend," stammered Tournicquot, "you do not know what you say—you are not yourself! By-and-by, you will be grateful, you will fall on your knees and bless me."

"By-and-by I shall punch you in the eye," returned the man, "just as soon as I am feeling better! What have you done to my collar, too? I declare you have played the devil with me!" His annoyance rose. "Who the devil are you, and what were you doing here, anyhow? You are a trespasser—I shall give you in charge."

"Come, come," said Tournicquot, conciliatingly, "if your misfortunes are more than you can bear, I regret that I was obliged to save you; but, after all, there is no need to make such a grievance of it; you can hang yourself another day."

"And why should I be put to the trouble twice?" grumbled the other. "Do you figure yourself that it is agreeable to hang? I passed a very bad time, I can assure you! If you had experienced it, you would not talk so lightly about 'another day.' The more I think of your impudent interference, the more it vexes me. And how dark it is! Get up and light the candle—it gives me the hump here."

"I have no candle, I have no candle," babbled Tournicquot. "I do not carry candles in my pocket."

"There is a bit on the mantelpiece," replied the man angrily; "I saw it when I came in. Go and feel for it—hunt about! Do not keep me lying here in the dark—the least you can do is to make me as comfortable as you can!"

Tournicquot, not a little perturbed by the threat of assault, groped obediently; but the room appeared to be of the dimensions of a park, and he arrived at the candle-stump only after a prolonged excursion. The flame revealed to him a man of about his own age, who leant against the wall regarding him with indignant eyes. Revealed also was the coil of rope that the comedian had brought for his own use; and the man pointed to it.

"What is that? It was not here just now."

"It belongs to me," admitted Tournicquot, nervously.

"I see that it belongs to you. Why do you visit an empty house with a coil of rope, *hein?* I should like to understand that! . . . Upon my life, you were here on the same business as myself! Now if this does not pass all forbearance! You come to commit suicide, and yet you have the effrontery to put a stop to mine!"

"Well," exclaimed Tournicquot, "I obeyed an impulse of pity! It is true that I came to destroy myself, for I am the most miserable of men; but I was so much affected by the sight of your sufferings that temporarily I forgot my own."

"That is a lie, for I was not suffering—I was not conscious when you came in. However, you have some pretty moments in front of you, so we will say no more! When you feel yourself drop, it will be diabolical, I promise you; the hair stands erect on the head, and each spot of blood in the veins congeals to a separate icicle! It is true that the drop itself is swift, but the clutch of the rope, as you kick in the air, is hardly less atrocious. Do not be encouraged by the delusion that the matter is instantaneous. Time mocks itself of you, and a second holds the sensations of a quarter-of-an-hour. What has forced you to it? We need not stand on ceremony with each other, *hein?*"

"I have resolved to die because life is torture," said Tournicquot, on whom these details had made an unfavourable impression.

"The same with me! A woman, of course?"

"Yes," sighed Tournicquot, "a woman!"

"Is there no other remedy? Can you not desert her?"

"Desert her? I pine for her embrace!"

"*Hein?*"

"She will not have anything to do with me."

"Comment? It is love, then, with you?"

"What else? A passion eternal!"

"Oh, *mon Dieu*, I took it for granted that you were married! But this is droll. *You* would die because you cannot get hold of a woman, and *I* because I cannot get rid of one. We should talk, we two. Can you give me a cigarette?"

"With pleasure, monsieur," responded Tournicquot, producing a packet. "I, also, will take one—my last!"

"If I expressed myself hastily just now," said his companion, refastening his collar, "I shall apologise—no doubt your interference was well meant, though I do not pretend to approve it. Let us dismiss the incident; you have behaved tactlessly, and I, on my side, have perhaps resented your error with too much warmth. Well, it is finished! While the candle burns, let us exchange more amicable views. Is my cravat straight? It astonishes me to hear that love can drive a man to such despair. I, too, have loved, but never to the length of the rope. There are plenty of women in Paris—if one has no heart, there is always another. I am far from proposing to frustrate your project, holding as I do that a man's

He beheld an apparently dead man hanging by a rope in the doorway. "Oh, mon Dieu," gasped Tournicquot. And the thudding of his heart seemed to resound through the deserted house

DRAWN BY S. SPURRIER *(TO ILLUSTRATE OUR WORLDLY STORY)*

suicide is an intimate matter in which 'rescue' is a name given by busybodies to a gross impertinence; but as you have not begun the job, I will confess that I think you are being rash."

"I have considered," replied Tournicquot, "I have considered attentively. There is no alternative, I assure you."

"I would make another attempt to persuade the lady—I swear I would make another attempt! You are not a bad-looking fellow. What is her objection to you?"

"It is not that she objects to me—on the contrary. But she is a woman of high principle, and she has a husband who is devoted to her—she will not break his heart. It is like that.'

"Young?"

"No more than thirty."

"And beautiful?"

"With a beauty like an angel! She has a dimple in her right cheek when she smiles that drives one to distraction."

"Myself, I have no weakness for dimples; but every man has his taste—there is no arguing about these things. What a combination—young, lovely, virtuous! And I make you a bet the oaf of a husband does not appreciate her! Is it not always so? Now *I*—but of course I married foolishly, I chose an artiste. If I had my time again I would choose in preference any sempstress. The artistes are for applause, for bouquets, for little dinners, but not for marriage."

"I cannot agree with you," said Tournicquot, with some hauteur. "Your experience may have been unfortunate, but the theatre contains women quite as noble as any other sphere. In proof of it, the lady I adore is an artiste herself!"

"Really—is it so? Would it be indiscreet to ask her name?"

"There are things that one does not tell."

"Perfectly! But as a matter of interest? There is nothing derogatory to her in what you say—quite the reverse."

"It is a fact. Nevertheless——"

"Also I shall be dead by to-morrow."

"True, I was overlooking that. Well, the reason for reticence is removed! She is known as 'La Belle Lucrèce.'"

"*Hein?*" ejaculated the other, jumping.

"What ails you?"

"She is my wife!"

"Your wife? Impossible!"

"I tell you I am married to her—she is 'Madame Beguinet.'"

"*Mon Dieu!*" faltered Tournicquot, aghast; "what have I done!"

"So? . . . You are her lover?"

"Never has she encouraged me—recall what I have said! There are no grounds for jealousy—am I not about to die because she spurns me? I swear to you——"

"You mistake my emotion—why should I be jealous? Not at all—I am only amazed. She thinks I am devoted to her? Ho, ho! Not at all! You see my 'devotion' by the fact that I am about to hang myself rather than live with her. And *you*, you cannot bear to live because you adore her! Actually, you 'adore' her! Is it not inexplicable? Oh, there is certainly the finger of Providence in this meeting! . . . . Wait, we must discuss—we should come to each other's aid! . . . . Give me another cigarette."

Some seconds passed while they smoked in silent meditation.

"Listen," resumed M. Beguinet; "in order to clear up this complication, we must first arrive at a thorough understanding; a perfect candour is required on both sides. *Alors*, as to your views, is it that you aspire to marry Madame? I do not wish to appear exigent, but in the position I occupy you will realise that it is my duty to make the most favourable arrangements for her that I can. Now open your heart to me; speak frankly!"

"It is difficult for me to express myself without restraint to you, monsieur," said Tournicquot, "because circumstances which we both regret naturally cause me to regard your existence in the light of a misfortune. To answer you with all the delicacy possible, I will say that if you had been cut down five minutes later, life would be a fairer thing to me."

"Good," said M. Beguinet, "we make progress! Your income? Does it suffice to support her in the style to which she is accustomed? What may your occupation be?"

"I am in madame's own profession—I, too, am an artiste."

"So much the more congenial! I foresee a joyous union. Come, we go famously! Your line of business—snakes, songs, performing rabbits, what is it?"

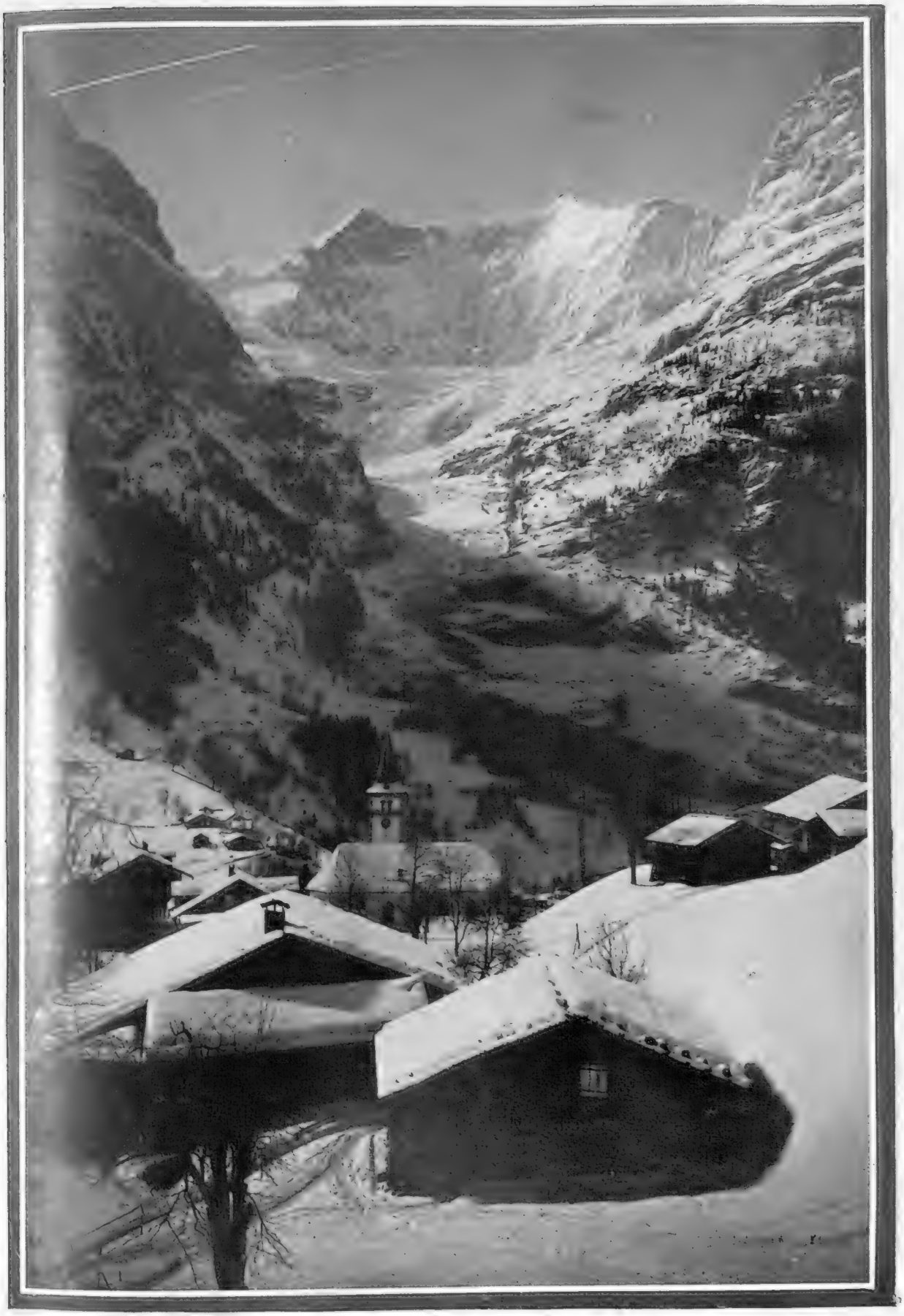
"My name is 'Tournicquot,'" responded the comedian, with dignity. "All is said!"

"A-ah! Is it so? Now I understand why your voice has been puzzling me! Monsieur Tournicquot, I am enchanted to make your acquaintance. I declare the matter arranges itself! I shall tell you what we will do. Hitherto I have had no choice between residing with Madame and committing suicide, because my affairs have not prospered, and—though my pride has revolted—her salary has been essential for my maintenance. Now the happy medium jumps to the eyes; for you, for me, for her, the bright sunshine streams! I shall efface myself; I shall go to a distant land—say, Brussels—and you shall make me a snug allowance. Have no misgiving; crown her with blossoms, lead her to the altar, and rest tranquil—I shall never reappear. Do not figure yourself that I shall enter, like the villain at the Ambigu and menace the blissful home. Not at all! I myself may even re-marry, who knows? Indeed, should you offer me an allowance adequate for a family man, I will undertake to re-marry—I have always inclined towards speculation. That will shut my mouth, *hein?* I could threaten nothing, even if I had a base nature; for I, also, shall have committed bigamy. Suicide, bigamy, I would commit anything rather than live with Lucrèce!"

"But Madame's consent must be gained," demurred Tournicquot; "you overlook the fact that Madame must consent. It is a fact that I do not understand why she should have any consideration for you; but if she continues to harp upon her 'duty,' what then?"

(Continued on page 242)

Photography by Moonlight



Photo] **Grindelwald at night** [*Ormston-Smith*

The above is a striking example of a photograph taken by moonlight. The time-exposure is indicated in a remarkable manner by the two white lines in the top left corner, representing the courses of two stars during the exposure of the plate

(Continued from page 240)

"Do you not tell me that her only objection to your suit has been her fear that she would break my heart? What an hallucination! I shall approach the subject—with tact, with the utmost delicacy! I shall intimate to her that to ensure her happiness I am willing to sacrifice myself! Should she hesitate, I shall demand to sacrifice myself! Rest assured that if she regards you with the favour that you believe, your troubles are at an end—the barrier removes itself, and you join hands. . . . The candle is going out! Shall we depart?"

"I perceive no reason why we should remain; in truth, we may have got out of it sooner."

"You are right; a café will be more cheerful. Suppose we take a bottle of wine together; how does it strike you? If you insist, I will be your guest; if not——"

"Ah, monsieur, you will allow me the pleasure," murmured Tournicquot.

"Well, well," said M. Beguinet, "you must have your way! . . . Your rope you have no use for, *hein*—we shall leave it?"

"But certainly! Why should I burden myself?"

"The occasion has passed, true. Good! Come, my comrade, let us descend!"

Who shall read the future? Awhile ago they had been strangers, neither intending to quit the house alive; now the pair issued from it jauntily, arm in arm! Both were in high spirits, and by the time the lamps of a café gave them welcome, and the wine gurgled gaily into the glasses, they pledged each other with a sentiment no less than fraternal.

"How I rejoice that I have met you!" exclaimed Beguinet. "To your marriage, *mon vieux;* to your joy! Fill up, again a glass!—there are plenty of bottles in the cellar. *Mon Dieu*, you are my preserver—I must embrace you! Never till now have I felt for a man such affection! This evening all was black to me, I despaired, my heart was heavy as a cannon-ball—and suddenly the world is bright! Roses bloom before my feet, and the little larks are singing in the sky. I dance, I skip! How beautiful, how sublime is friendship!—better than riches, than youth, than the love of a woman; riches melt, youth flies, woman snores. But friendship is—— Again a glass! It goes well, this wine. Let us have a lobster! I swear I have an appetite; they make one peckish, these suicides, *n'est-ce-pas?* I shall not be formal—if you consider it your treat, you shall pay. A lobster and another bottle, *hein?* At the expense of you, or me?"

"Ah, the bill all in one!" declared Tournicquot.

"Well, well," said Beguinet, "you must have your way! What a happy man I am! Already I feel twenty years younger. You would not believe what I have suffered! My agonies would fill a book. Really! By nature I am domesticated; but my home is impossible—I shudder when I enter it. It is only in a restaurant that I see a clean tablecloth. Absolutely! I pig! All Lucrèce thinks about is dress."

"No, no," demurred Tournicquot; "to that I cannot agree."

"What do you know? You 'cannot agree'! You have seen her when she is laced in her stage costume, when she minces and prattles, with the paint, and the powder, and the false hair on. It is I who am 'behind the scenes,' *mon ami*, not you! I see her dirty *peignoir* and her curl rags. At four o'clock in the afternoon! Every day! You 'cannot agree!'"

"Curl rags?" faltered Tournicquot.

"But certainly! I tell you I am of a gentle disposition; I am most tolerant of women's failings; it says much that I would have hanged myself rather than remain with a woman. Her untidiness is not all; her toilette at home revolts my sensibilities, but—well, one cannot have everything, and her salary is substantial; I have closed my eyes to the curl rags. However, snakes are more serious."

"Snakes!" ejaculated Tournicquot.

"Naturally! The beasts must live, do they not support us? But everything in its place is my own motto; the motto of my wife—'All over the place?' Her serpents have shortened my life, word of honour! —they wander where they will. I never lay my head beside those curl rags of hers without the terror of finding a cobra-de-capello on the pillow. It is not everybody's money! Lucrèce has no objection to them; well, it is very courageous—very fortunate, since snakes are her profession—but *I*, I was not brought up to snakes; I am not at my ease in a Zoological Gardens."

"It is natural."

"Is it not? I desire to explain myself to you, you understand; are we not as brothers? Oh, I realise well that when one loves a woman one thinks always that the faults are with the husband; believe me, I have had much to justify my attitude. Snakes, dirt, rages, what a *ménage!*"

"Rages?" gasped Tournicquot.

"I am an honest man," affirmed Beguinet, drawing another bumper. "I shall not say to you 'I have no blemish, I am perfect.' Not at all! Without doubt, I have occasionally expressed myself to Lucrèce with more candour than courtesy. *Hein?* Such things happen. But——," he refilled his glass, and sighed pathetically, "but to every citizen, whatever his position—whether his affairs may have prospered or not—his wife owes respect. *Hein?* She should not throw the *ragoût* at him. She should not menace him with snakes." He wept "My friend, you will admit that it is not *gentile* to coerce a husband with deadly reptiles?"

Tournicquot had turned very pale. He signed to the waiter for the bill, and when it was discharged, sat regarding his companion with round eyes. At last, clearing his throat, he said nervously:

"After all, do you know—now one comes to think it over—I am not sure, upon my honour, that our arrangement is feasible?"

"What?" exclaimed Beguinet, with a violent start. "Not feasible? How is that, pray? Because I have opened my heart to you, do you back out? Oh, what treachery! Never will I believe that you could be capable of it!"

"However, it is a fact. On consideration, I shall not rob you of her."

"Base fellow! You take advantage of my confidence. A contract is a contract!"

"No," stammered Tournicquot, "I shall be a man and live my love down. Monsieur, I have the honour to wish you 'Good-night.'"

"Hi, stop!" cried Beguinet, infuriated. "What then is to become of *me?* Insolent poltroon—you have even destroyed my rope!" LEONARD MERRICK.

"Brother Officers": Revised and Revived

AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

Mr. Julian Lestrange (*Lieut. Pleydell*) **Mr. Arthur Bourchier** (*John Hinds, V.C.*)

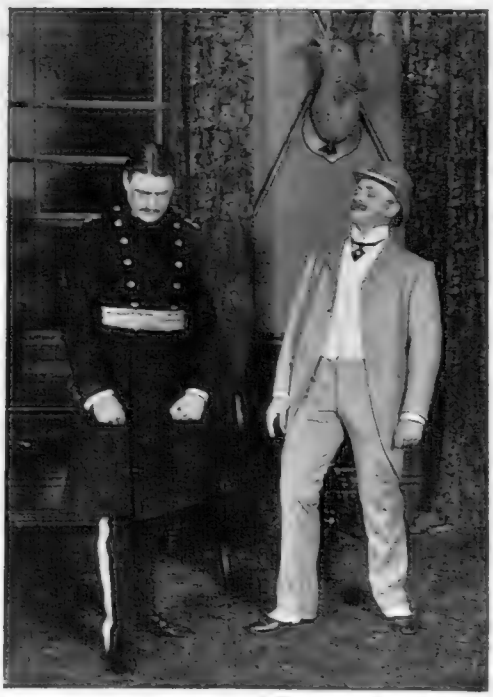
Pleydell promises to teach Hinds, who has risen from the ranks, how to act the gentleman

Mr. Julian Lestrange (*Lieut. Pleydell*) **Miss Violet Vanbrugh** (*Lady Roydon*)

Cousins, in love with each other from childhood

Mr. Arthur Bourchier
(*John Hinds, V.C.*)

At the Regimental Ball, he overhears guests saying that he's a good fellow, but can never be a gentleman



Mr. Julian Lestrange (*Lieut. Pleydell*) **Mr. George Trollope** (*Robert Hutton, millionaire*)

Hutton, millionaire and ex-card sharper, tells Pleydell to pay his gambling debt of £9,000, or he will get him expelled from the Army

Photos by Ellis and Walery

The Library

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

MISCELLANEOUS

"Elocution: Its First Principles." By W. H. Breare. (Simpkin, Marshall: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The German Official Account of the War in South Africa." Translated into English by Colonel du Cane, M.V.O. (John Murray: 15*s.* net.)

FICTION

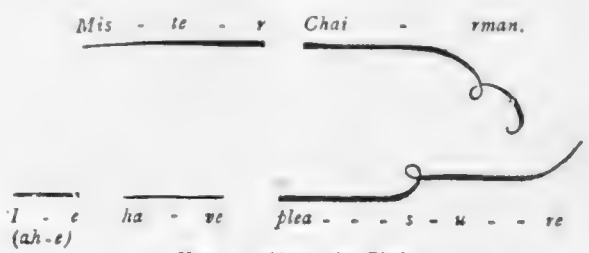
"A Prophet of Wales." By May Baring. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"Love, the Tyrant." By Charles Garvice. (Hutchinson: 6*s.*)

"Hugo." By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"The Beauty Shop." By Daniel Woodroffe. (T. Werner Laurie: 6*s.*)

Some information, invaluable to newly elected M.P.'s anxious to shine in debate, will be found in "Elocution: Its First Principles," by W. H. Breare (Simpkin, Marshall: 3*s.* 6*d.*). There are, it seems, no fewer than twenty-two branches of the art to be mastered before one should really try to make a speech, of which breath, pitch, pronunciation, enunciation, articulation, emphasis, inflection, attack, are only a few taken at random. It would be impossible to hope to give here sufficient extracts to be of practical use without reading the book, but we cannot resist reproducing two diagrams, in which the would-be speaker is taught how to pitch his voice in saying, respectively, "Mr. Chairman" and "I have pleasure." The curves show how, and on which words, the voice should rise and descend, the loops indicating where the voice should vibrate or "whirr." We leave the M.P. to the task of practising these directions, but, for his assistance, may as well add Mr. Breare's instructions. In the case of the words "Mr. Chairman" (when the House is in Committee):—



How to address the Chair

Showing the correct elocutionary way of pronouncing "Mister Chairman" and "I have pleasure." The curves downward or upward indicate where the voice should rise and fall, the thick lines showing "breath pressure." Young M.P.'s might practise this in their back-gardens pending the opening of Parliament

> Closely follow the diagram shown, taking care, on reaching the syllable "chair," to commence the downward modulation of the voice, on the vowel "a," with increasing breath pressure, continuing it on the sustained consonant "r," to the level pitch indicated under "m" in "man." Continue the same falling direction on the vowel "a" in "man," concluding this flow by the sustained consonant "n."

—Which makes us scarcely envious of the new Chairman of Committees thus addressed. As for "I have pleasure," if delivered as shown in Mr. Breare's diagram, we fear that the speaker's sentiment will be anything but shared by his audience.

What the Germans—unofficially—thought of our conduct of the South African war, their Press gave us ample and painful opportunities of knowing some four years ago; what they thought of it—officially—is now to be gathered from the "German Official Account of the War in South Africa," prepared by the General Staff in Berlin, translated into English by Colonel du Cane, M.V.O. (John Murray: 15*s.* net). The book has been compiled with no regard whatever to dramatic sequence, for it opens, as it were, in the middle, in a description of the march from Paardeberg to Bloemfontein, and only afterwards proceeds to detail the events of the Natal campaign, which, to the lay mind, would seem to have opened the story.

The most interesting features of the work are the criticisms—the facts, alas, are only too painfully familiar to us—and of these, the most important are reserved for Lord Roberts's campaign. The bright particular spot is, from the German standpoint, the battle of Driefontein, which enjoys a whole chapter to its praise. It is described as a "decisive success," an action "fought with a definite plan, and a determination to acquire the superiority in fire," "a glorious day for the Sixth Division and Kelly-Kenny, its general," and—how naïve!—as "based substantially on the same principles which German regulations evolved from the campaign of 1870-1871"; in short, a victory "made in Germany." Lord Roberts, while credited with having "managed to occupy the enemy's capitals without trouble," is considered to be responsible for the long duration of the war, which was due to the "tactics adopted by the British, who wished to gain decisive victories without suffering bloody losses." The German Army, in fact, whitewashes the much-abused "frontal attack." "To sacrifice ruthlessly, when necessary, the life of the soldier in battle is the law of war," according to the Berlin General Staff. As to Buller's Natal campaign, the chronicler contents himself with a plain, blunt record of the successive failures, delays, miscalculations, of Buller's constant changes of mood, advocating at one moment the surrender of Ladysmith, at another expressing himself as confident of victory. The authors offer very limited criticism of Buller, contenting themselves with the evidence of facts. Two men, at any rate, will be thankful to the authors for an appreciation of their merits—the one, General Kelly-Kenny; the other, Lieut.-Colonel Thornycroft, of Spion Kop fame. To the former is placed the credit of the "glorious victory" of Driefontein, and the latter's gallantry at Spion Kop, while wounded, in forbidding surrender, is considered to justify General Buller's action in placing him in command, and his opinion that Thornycroft was a "first-class fighting man."

Publishers are evidently postponing their more sensational ventures in the direction of fiction until the spring, when elections will no longer distract the national mind There is, however, no falling off in the supply of good, sound, reliable novels for reading in train or by fireside, and of these I may mention "A Prophet of Wales," by Max Baring (Greening: 6*s.*), a story of a young Evangelist of the "Revivalist" species, beguiled by the attentions of a married woman—an excellent story, full of good soul-stirring incident and moral teaching, rather marred by a too melodramatic *dénouement.* For those who like realistic exposures of the artificialities and vices of that really awful "smart set," with rural interludes, "The Beauty Shop," by Daniel Woodroffe (Werner Laurie: 6*s.*), may be mentioned. Though, for my part, I prefer to be left in ignorance of the ways of Bond Street "beauty doctors," "face fakirs," hair workers, *masseuses,* and their wretched clients, I doubt not there are many who will welcome a brightly written volume dealing with this phase of life. I prefer to turn to such an example of the old-fashioned, stirring novel of incident, such as "Love, the Tyrant," by Charles Garvice (Hutchinson), or to such a cleverly written, fantastic story as "A New Rip Van Winkle," by Austin Fryers (Everett: 1*s.*), a really admirable modernization of the old legend, quite worthy of the author of "A Pauper Millionaire."

V. C.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

"Hugo"

What is, to the best of my belief, an entirely new kind of novel has been invented by Mr. Arnold Bennett. He calls it "a fantasia on modern themes," and he has written several of them. A new one, going by the name of "Hugo," has just appeared, and it seems a reasonable excuse for a few words on Mr. Bennett, "fantasias," and other related matters. All I know about him is that he has written supremely good short stories and novels, as well as "fantasias"; that he is the only man who ever wrote a really patient and searching criticism of Miss Corelli or Mr. Hall Caine: that he knows the society of the Potteries (called by him "The Five Towns") as well as Hardy knows Dorset, or as Meredith knows Meredithland; that he really has gone back (as we all keep saying quite falsely of so many pretenders) to life; and that he has a richly English aptitude for farce. For example, at the most exciting point of the whirl of action with which "Hugo" concludes, when the hero and his two satellites are planning to force an entrance to a house as detectives, we find the valet remarking:—

"Three detectives seem rather a lot to be entering all at once. And besides, you don't look like a detective, sir."

"What do I look like?" Hugo asked coldly.

"You look too much like a gentleman, sir. It's the hat, sir," he added.

View of Spion Kop from the South

The famous height is seen in the distance at the left-hand side of this photograph

(Reproduced from the "German Official Account of the South African War," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray)

Fantasias

The outstanding thing about a "fantasia on modern themes," as invented by Mr. Bennett, is that you can read it in two ways. You can read it (if you feel like that) with bated breath and starting eyes, purely on its merits as a sensational novel of wealth, crime, passion, and conflict; or you can read it (if that is how you feel) as an immense joke, a travesty of the successful sensational fiction of our time, an exuberantly funny farce, which forces laughter by the sublime cheek with which it piles frantic situation on frantic situation. "Hugo" is the best of them up to now. The central personage is a dominant man, who devotes his life to the building up of the greatest general supply business in the world, because he finds in that enterprise the best outlet for his immense powers of captaincy and organisation. Most of the action takes place somewhere under, or upon, the roof of the vast palace in Sloane Street, known to shopping London as "Hugo's." How Hugo fell in love with one of his own millinery hands; how he met with murderous rivalry; how he moved in an atmosphere of safe-deposits, chloroform, lifts, cemeteries, and other materials of melodrama, it would be cruel to tell the reader beforehand. But "Hugo" is a book to read and exult in. The cream of the thing is that Hugo (a name assumed for its commercial attractiveness) is a gentleman and an Oxford man.

Mr. Arnold Bennett

Inventor of that form of fiction known as the "Fantasia on Modern Themes," of which "Hugo," the latest, has just been issued by Chatto and Windus

The Lettered and the Unlettered M.P.

That beautiful word "Oxford" reminds me of a singular thing I noted about the General Election. On all hands one heard of nothing but the immense stride made by Labour; of a new epoch, with a strong Socialist party in it, being now opened; of the decline of the House of Commons as a home of the cultivated intelligence of the nation, and all the rest of it. And yet I doubt if any General Election ever sent more young men of distinguished University record to Parliament. Among the younger of the new Members I see Mr. Belloc and Mr. F. E. Smith, both first-class men and Presidents of the Union at Oxford, the unchallenged leaders of Radical and Tory debate in their undergraduate days. Mr. J. A. Simon and Mr. Cleland also filled the Union chair at Oxford. Among Cambridge Presidents of the Union there are Mr. Masterman, Mr. P. W. Wilson, Mr. Charles Buxton, and Mr. Montagu. All these, with the exception of Mr. F. E. Smith, are Radicals and winners of seats from the other side. Several of them have been Fellows of Colleges; most of them have written books. Among the less juvenile of the academic Radicals newly returned is Mr Harold Cox, one of the soundest heads in the House. Of course the Universities are sending many more men to Parliament, but those I have mentioned were among the leaders of their generation. How such men will shake down, if at all, with Labour is perhaps the great question of the new politics.

More Political Biography

This reminds me of the interesting announcement that a volume on Lord Rosebery is to be added soon to the series of Prime-Ministerial lives, of which Messrs. Dent have just taken over the publication. This will complete the series of Victorian Premiers; but I should think it must be a delicate business, writing a life of Lord Rosebery while he is still with us. If his whole career is reviewed, it would seem impossible to avoid bitterly offending somebody or another. I do not doubt that Messrs. Dent, being a far-seeing firm, have already made their arrangements for biographies of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Keir Hardie.

Bijou Books

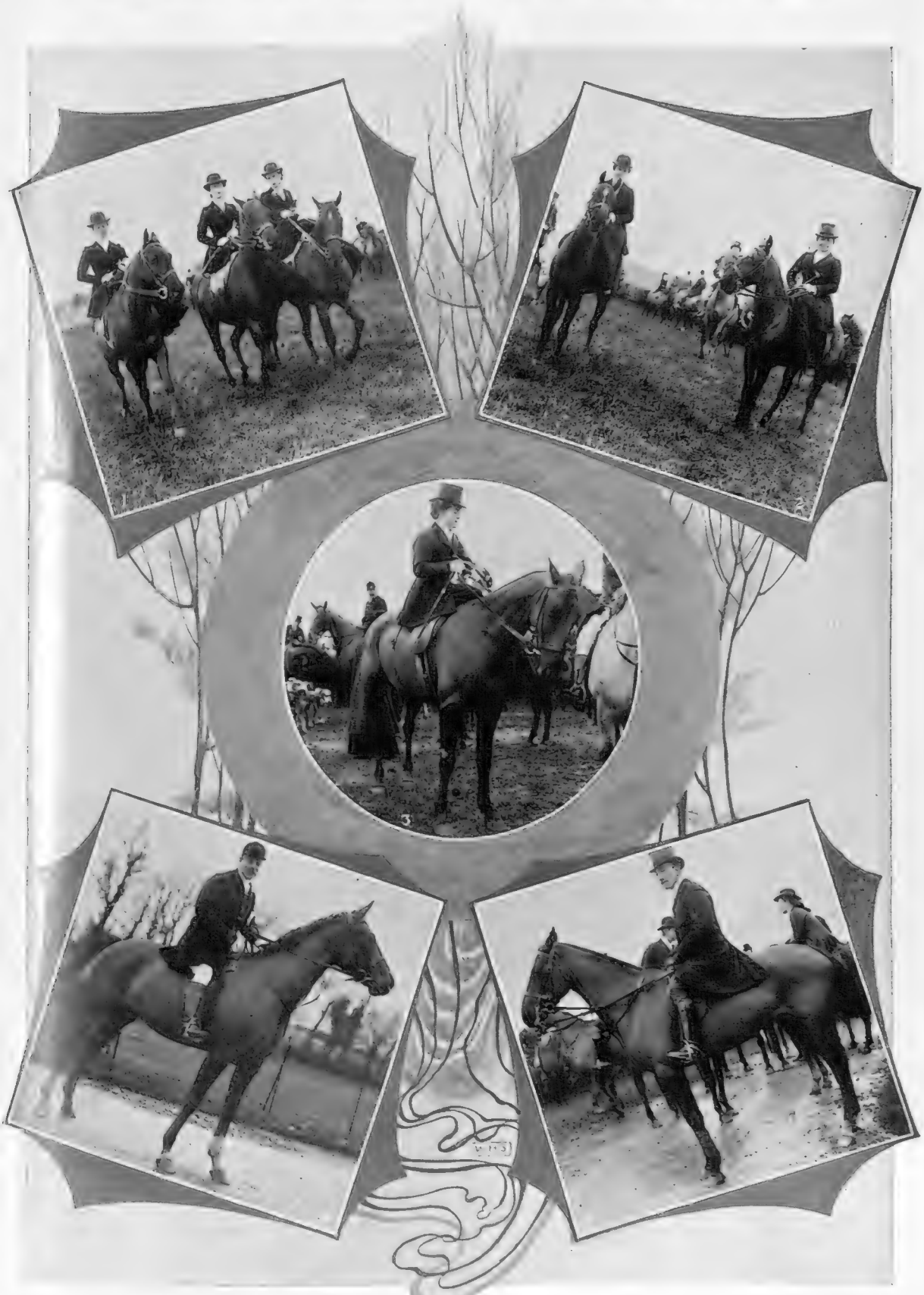
A series of a very different kind is that of "The Chapbooks," which has been started by E. Grant Richards. The first of them is a pretty little plump volume dressed in white vellum, with quite the air of an interesting débutante. It consists of an excellent selection from the lyrists of the Restoration, made by John and Constance Masefield. If anybody understands lyrics, it is Mr. Masefield, whose introduction is an excellent piece of criticism. The paper and printing are delightful, and the book ties up with strips of kid. It is a very dainty little production in all ways.

"Battles Long Ago"

It is interesting to hear that Mrs. Mona Caird is to publish, through Mr. Unwin, a book about Provence, because one connects her with a kind of work so very different. I wonder how many people remember that it was Mrs. Caird who, fourteen years ago or more, launched the most remarkable silly-season correspondence on record by writing to the *Daily Telegraph* a letter headed, "Is Marriage a Failure?" Since then we have seen the rise and fall of an entire school of revolting women-writers.

ECB

Kildare F.H. Meet at Punchestown Gate



1. Approaching Punchestown Cover
2. Mrs. Rimmington (wife of General Rimmington) and Mrs. Bambridge
3. Miss Philpots
4. Lieut.-Col. Henry, 5th Baron de Robeck, the Master
5. Mr. Scott Mimms

(Photographs taken by our Special Representative in Ireland. Next week illustrations will appear of the Waterford Hunt)

By Field, Stream, and Covert

A Notable Sportsman Dead

Among the various vacancies in the Mastership of Hounds which have been announced during the past few weeks, there is one, unhappily, which has been brought about by the death of the M.F.H. Reference is made, of course, to the late Sir James Miller, whose early death has aroused the deepest regret throughout the sporting world. On the Turf, Sir James achieved success in the Derby with Sainfoin and Rock Sand, and owned many other good horses

Mrs. Forester, wife of the Master of the Quorn Hounds

She does not hunt, but is usually to be seen at the meet in her motor-car or pony-trap

during his brief but exceptionally fortunate career; in the hunting-field he was known as the highly popular Master of the Northumberland and Berwickshire Foxhounds; and shooting men regarded him as an excellent game shot, possessing fine preserves at his Scottish seat, Manderston, Duns. The Jockey Club loses a Steward by his death, and the Turf a supporter of the best type, who can ill be spared in days when so many prominent owners of racehorses are disappearing, and so few good men coming forward to fill the gaps.

With the Pytchley

If you would see a perfectly immaculate field of hunting people, I would refer you to the Pytchley Hunt, whose members have from time immemorial made a point of being faultlessly turned out. It is one of the most exclusive hunting countries in the kingdom, and strangers, as a rule, are not received with a very friendly eye. In spite of this, the fields sometimes assume very big proportions, and there was a tolerably large gathering at Arthingworth on the day when our illustrations were secured. You cannot get a hunter too good for the Pytchley country, for the pastures are big enough to test the speed of a flat racer, and the fences sufficiently formidable in some places to tax the powers of a Grand National horse. Moreover, the country often rides very deep, and this has certainly been the case since the new year. Followers of the Pytchley, however, have not complained of the wet, for it has improved scent immensely, and sport has been far better during the present month than at any earlier stage of the season. Unhappily, the popular Master of the pack, Lord Annaly, has been unable to enjoy some of the cream of the sport lately, having been rather badly hurt as the result of a fall on the 12th inst.

Thrice Master of the Pack

Earl Spencer, always one of the foremost supporters of the Hunt, and Master for three separate terms—all of them noteworthy for excellent sport—has been prevented from riding with the hounds this season by ill-heath, but the "Red Earl" takes as keen an interest in the pack as ever he did, and frequently attends the meets in his carriage. Moreover, Lord Spencer manages on wheels to see something of the sport, and during a brilliant run recently, the field of horsemen beheld their popular ex-Master waving them onward from his carriage, having, by good fortune and judgment, acquired a position which afforded him a full view of fox, hounds, and eager riders. John Isaac — or "Jerry" as he is usually called — retires from the position of huntsman to the Pytchley at the end of the season, after many years with the pack, and is to be succeeded by Frank Freeman, from the Bedale country, in Yorkshire. Isaac belongs to a well-known family of hunt servants, and his brother, Charles, is huntsman to Mr. Fernie's hounds.

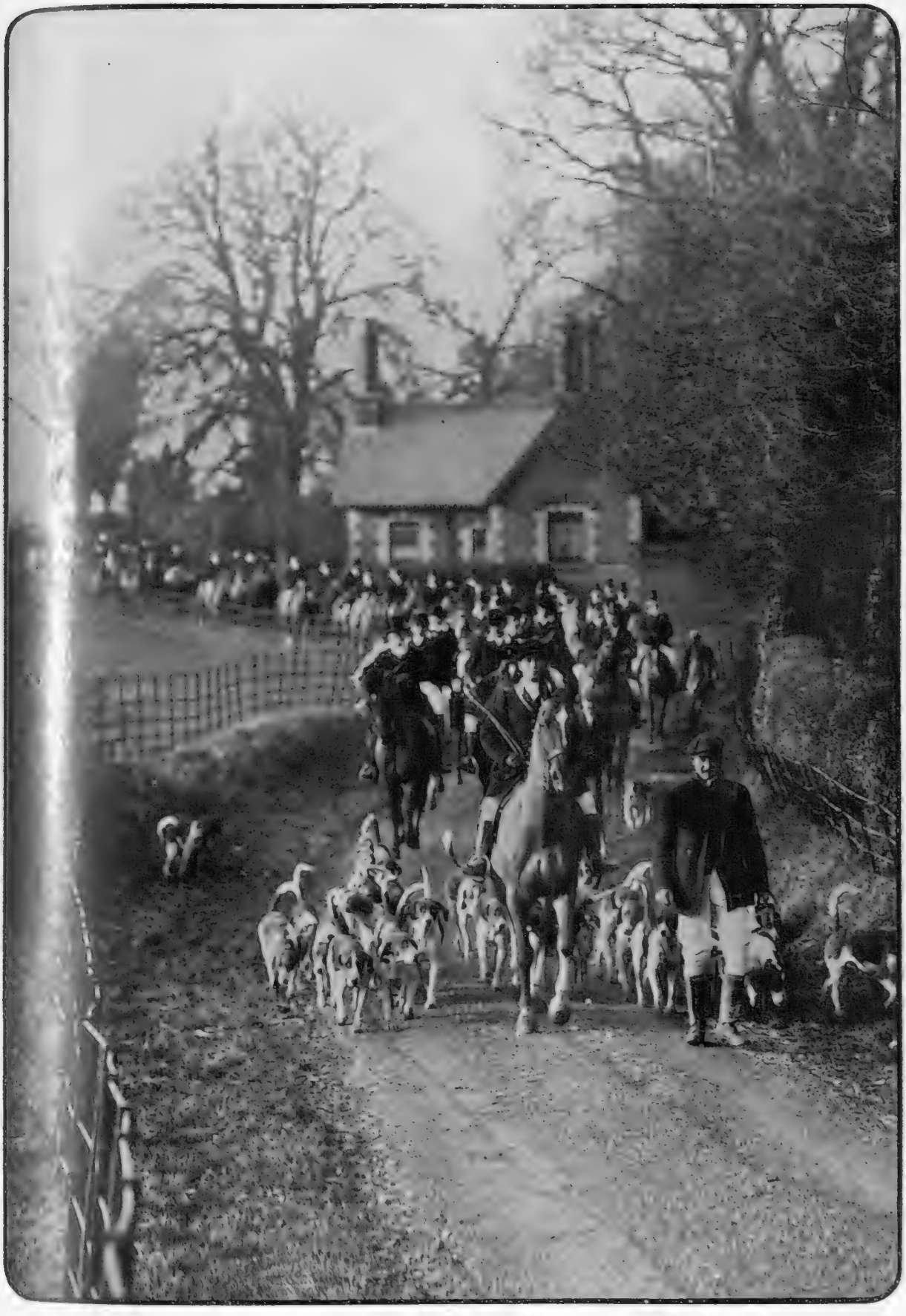
Mastership of the Essex

It is satisfactory to learn that Mr. C. E. Green continues to make progress — gradual, but sure—towards recovering from his severe illness. He will be unable, however, to go out with the hounds this season, and arrangements have been made to cover his duties as Field Master of the Essex Foxhounds, with which he has been officially connected for just on twenty years. The acting Mastership is now being shared by the honorary secretary, Mr. A. Waters, who hunts the pack twice a week, with Mr. A. Salvin Bowlby and Mr. R. C. Gosling, who hunt it one day each. Fortunately, the services of the veteran huntsman of the pack, James Bailey, are still available, this being his twenty-seventh season with the Essex. In

The New Forest Deerhounds

Mr. O. T. Price, the Master, giving instructions to his huntsman, Will Roberts. These hounds have had a successful hind-hunting season

A Run with the Pytchley



The Pytchley Hounds at Arthingworth

The famous White Collars (so called from the distinctive feature of the Hunt uniform) moving off for the first draw

A typical field in the fashionable Pytchley country

consequence of Mr. Green's ill-health, the Mastership of the Essex falls vacant, and the Hunt Committee would be glad to hear of a suitable sportsman willing to take over the country. Many other Hunts are similarly placed at the moment of writing, including the Ledbury, the Worcestershire, the Newmarket and Thurlow, the Hursley (whose Master is retiring on account of the unfortunate prevalence of wire), the Ormond, and the Co. Limerick. Thus there is plenty of scope for young sportsmen anxious to try their hands at the Mastership of hounds.

The "Killing Kildares"

Among followers of the "Killing Kildares," a name which the hounds have earned by their fine hunting qualities, much regret is felt that this is the last season of the Baron de Robeck in the leadership. He retires owing to the pressure of business, but I am told there is no lack of applicants for the vacant office. Kildare is undoubtedly one of the most pleasant of Irish hunting countries, being practically one ocean of grass, strongly fenced, and very little troubled by the wire incubus. It is true that some of the farmers have adopted wire-fencing here and there, but generally speaking, arrangements are made for its removal during the hunting season. This is quite as it should be, since much of the charm of Irish hunting lies in the comparative immunity from barbed wire. Although they have to use the train pretty frequently, some of the regular followers of the Kildare Hounds hunt from Dublin; but the best centre is the little town of Naas, which is quite close to the splendidly appointed kennels of the Hunt. The members are a very hard-riding lot, finely mounted for the most part, and able to hold their own in any country in the kingdom. Occasionally a combination of excitement and jealousy of each other leads to the over-riding of hounds, but on a good scenting day there is no fear of this.

A. W. C.

The Essex Foxhounds, with their huntsman, James Bailey

Owing to the ill-health of Mr. C. E. Green, these hounds are now in want of a new Master

The Fairest Flower of Unionism

ORCHIDS IN MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S GARDENS AT HIGHBURY

A corner of the fernery

A typical group of Highbury orchids

The corridor leading to the Highbury orchid houses

Will the orchid be the floral favour of the regenerated Unionist Party? Mr. Chamberlain's curious success in the Birmingham divisions, solitary among the Opposition leaders, has led to a general expression of opinion that he is natural leader of the Party, whether or not his followers are all agreed on Tariff Reform. Should the future give the lord of Highbury the foremost place, then the orchid may supplant the primrose as the emblem of Tory principles (new and revised Birmingham edition). The above photographs may, therefore, be contemplated with a full sense of their symbolical interes

Sport of the Past Week

By H. S. SCRIVENER

The Harlequins Hold the Scottish

Last week I said—or rather was made to say—that the Scottish are just now the strongest of the Metropolitan teams. I actually wrote "the strongest of the *older* Metropolitan teams," but "older" got left out of the print. However, even this qualified assertion was very nearly upset on Saturday, for while Oxford were beating Richmond, the Harlequins, on the adjoining ground, were giving the Scottish no end of a tough job, and were ultimately only beaten by two tries to one. It was mainly a forward game, in which the slight superiority of the Scotsmen in the loose gave them the advantage, while, although the defence on both sides was good, there was rather more cohesion among the Scottish backs.

Rugby at Richmond

Richmond getting away in Saturday's match against Oxford University, which resulted in a win for the latter by 4 goals to 2 goals and a try. The match was noteworthy for the brilliant play of Munro (of Christchurch), Oxford's half-back, which resulted in some splendid passing and a fast game

Something Worth Seeing at Richmond

Saturday was a regular Oxford day in London, for both the Oxford footer teams, and the hockey team as well, were performing respectively at Richmond, Queen's Club, and Teddington. At Richmond we were treated to a beautiful illustration of the enormous advantage which accrues to a Rugger team from the possession of a stand-off half-back who understands the art of getting his three-quarters on the move before passing to them, and who varies his method of attack instead of hammering away at one movement until it becomes quite easy to anticipate. The half-back in question, I need hardly say, was Munro, and, thanks mainly to him, we enjoyed the rare spectacle of some real passing on the run, instead of the other kind which reminds one so forcibly of children playing catch-ball with their nurserymaids. I don't mean that the Oxford backs were irresistible; they had not a particularly strong defence to contend with, and (with the exception of Munro) were not particularly strong in defence themselves, but they were always dangerous in attack, and the team as a whole played a winning game nearly all through Towards the end the superior weight and strength of the Richmond pack asserted itself, but by this time Oxford had established such a long lead that they were pretty safe. And so it turned out, in spite of a neat dropped goal by Aveling and a good try by Odgers, which Alexander converted.

Dull Play at Queen's Club

In marked contrast to the Rugger game at Richmond, the Oxford Soccer match against the Corinthians at Queen's Club was a poor and decidedly slow game, enlivened only by occasional flashes of brilliant play on the part of Vassall, Alexander, and E. S. Ward for the Corinthians. Alexander was the first to score from a good pass by Vassall, and not very long after Vassall again made the opening for G. S. Harris. Thereafter, Oxford improved, but were weak in front of goal, and after half-time the Corinthians always had the upper hand, though it was some time before they did any more scoring, mainly owing to good goal-keeping by Lovegrove. Ultimately, however, Alexander put on two more goals, one from a pass by Stanley Harris, and the other from a fine centre right into the mouth of goal by E. S. Ward, after one of his best sprints down the line; and so the Corinthians won quite comfortably by 4—0. Their forwards, as already indicated, were good, but they were weak at half, and Morgan-Owen was having quite an off day. On the Oxford side,

G. N. Foster was the only forward who showed up at all well, while the credit of the defence belonged mainly to Hunt and Lovegrove.

Hockey: Middlesex v. Surrey. Staines' Revenge

The hockey match between Middlesex and Surrey at Surbiton last Wednesday was not a particularly inspiriting exhibition. In the first place, the players had the difficulties of a half-thawed ground to contend with—wet and soft on the surface and as hard as nails half an inch below it; in the second place, there was a general impression that Middlesex were sure to win, because Surrey were without Shoveller, Nightingale, and two or three more of their best men; and in the third, there was a lot of hanging about before the start, which was surely fixed quite late enough (3 o'clock) to enable reasonable punctuality to be observed. Middlesex won, but only by 2—1, and their superiority forward was almost neutralised by the excellent defence of the Surrey backs, for whom Gardner (half), Bettson (back), and, in particular, Gouldsmith (goal), were much on the spot. The first goal for Middlesex was hit by King-Stephens, and the second by Beldam, both before half-time. In the second half Middlesex were attacking nearly all the time, but could not get through, whereas Clayton (formerly of Cambridge), who seemed to adapt himself to the slippery ground much better than anyone else, scored neatly for Surrey. The *pièce de résistance* of Saturday's games was the return between Staines and Hampstead, for, seeing that Hampstead, in the first match, had broken Staines' unbeaten record which had stood since 1902, Staines were naturally anxious to get something back. Hampstead, as Southgate proved only recently, are not so particularly strong forward, if Shoveller is closely marked, as happened on Saturday; but it was a very tough and very fast game, and Staines, after leading by 1—0 at half-time, and by 3—0 soon after, only won in the end by 4—2, thanks mainly to the excellent defence of their backs, Freeman and Pimm. By the same score Teddington beat Oxford at Teddington, but it was not a bad performance on Oxford's part, seeing that they only had about four of their regular team, and it was not until the second half that Teddington got the mastery. Cambridge, on the other hand, easily beat Lessness Park. Southgate remained invincible, beating Blackheath (3—0), and Surbiton came out strong (6—2) against Wimbledon.

Will Pelota Catch On?

In the space at my disposal I am unable to reproduce in full a letter in which Mr. Claud Chambers, writing from West Kensington, takes exception to my description of Pelota as a game for plutocrats. I think he takes me a little too seriously—*dulce est desipere*, etc., but, all the same, there is much truth in his argument that the expense difficulty might be got over by the formation of clubs. "The side walls of many houses," he contends, "would make excellent *frontones*, and the further expense of laying out courts, etc., would not amount to much." He also points out that "in the Basque country the enthusiasm for the game is such that the church walls often form a *frontone* to enable the villagers to indulge in their favourite pastime." (Here, by the way, is an excellent chance for the Rev. W. Carlile.) And having pointed out that the initial expenses of games like golf and lawn tennis are got over by forming clubs, he asks: "Why not Pelota Clubs?" To which I answer—without prejudice to the attractions of Pelota—"Because we have already as many games on our hands as we know what to do with." We have too much to do to keep abreast of the times in Rugby football, cricket, lawn tennis, golf, and polo, to mention a few games only, that we should "fly to others which we know not of."

Lacrosse at Lord's: West London v. Catford. A fine save by the West London goalkeeper

The match resulted in a win for the West London team by 7 goals to 4

Bridge: BY PROBLEMATICUS

The judging of the solutions of Bridge Problems—between four and five hundred, and sometimes more, a week—becomes, at the end of two months, a weariness of the spirit, as well as of the flesh. I shall, therefore, for a time, content myself with writing Bridge Notes. The winner of the

£7 7s. Prize

IN OUR EIGHT WEEKS' COMPETITION is

R. A. Jenkins, Esq., I.C.S., Westville, Linden Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

He obtained 173 marks out of a possible total of 180. Competitors deserving of honourable mention are:—Ap Twn, Bulbs, Caermol, Cardinal, Didums, Dogger, Engineer II., Erin, Fantôme, Horatio, Jan I., Motorette, Mugwump, Norlands, P.M.S., and Ray.

The Competition was very successful, both in the matter of the number of the competitors, and the excellence of their solutions. Also, many of them showed a marked improvement in their skill in declaring as the Competition advanced. Some of those who have earned honourable mention had bad luck; they held higher places on the average than several of the Prizewinners, but they did not in any one week rise quite to the Prizewinners' level.

The ladies held their own very fairly throughout, winning seven out of the twenty-four weekly prizes; and in the last week they came to the front with great firmness and resolution, won two out of three prizes and occupied six out of the first nine places. They seem to take a little longer to get into form than the men; and, in some cases, I observed that they seemed to do their solutions better in committee. I may, of course, be right.

The Universities, too, were more to the fore in this Competition. Oxford won a prize and Cambridge won a prize. I am told that the discard from strength has been adopted by both Universities, a practice which, after giving it a fair trial, I must earnestly deplore.

The Army was, as usual, prominent in the Competition, and won three prizes. The Navy was not so successful as it has been in earlier Competitions. I trust that, if I recover from my apparently chronic weariness of the solutions of Bridge Problems, this will be amended. It leads me to ask, "Is our Navy what it was?"

Our Colonies, too, seem contented to rest on the laurels they have gained on football and cricket fields. They show a certain slackness in attempting glory in new spheres. Perhaps they lead that open-air life so disastrous to the true intellectual development.

Eighth Weekly Competition

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS

The 1st PRIZE, Two Guineas, has been awarded to:

Miss M. E. Brown, Elm Court, Star Cross, South Devon.

The 2nd and 3rd PRIZES, BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, have been awarded to:

Miss Mary Spain, 10, Victoria Square, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Leonard Fawkner, Esq., 11, All Saints Street, Nottingham.

EIGHT WEEKS' COMPETITION. — The following marks have been awarded to competitors for their solutions of Problems XXII., XXIII., XXIV., in our Eight Weeks' Competition:—

15, Didums, Eveline, Fennel, Imp, Long Compton, Melisande, Motorette, Ranipet, Spal; 14, Bulbs, Caermol, Clip-retaining, Engineer II., Isosceles, Jock, Luppy, Pelican, Percy, Pons, Somerset; 13, Belladonna, Binkie, Coathorse, Dufferino, Edgbaston, Fen, Joker, Kidbrook, Kirkbank, Minatur, R.C.H., Solon, Victor; 12, Arzt, Bunnie, Cherub, Chieftain, Coney Weston, Corin, Dunsmore, Erin, Fantôme, Golliwog, Horatio, Jan I., Kenneth, Kirkland, Mai, Our Emma, Peter, P.M.S., Primrose, Snoodles, Viking, Willimoteswick; 11, Auch, Blind Bat, Brown Cat, Dogger, Hills, Special Scotch; 10, Aga, Alexander, Ap Twn, Bidian, Bunch, Bydand, Captain Cuttle, Chloroform, D.I., Fluffy, Garrison, James, Marie, Moth, Mugwump, Noel, Quotidian, Summer, Turquoise, Ubique; 9, Chicane, Datas, Eblow, Essem, J.G.M., Momus, Owing, Trixrl, White Cat; 8, Ballycastle, Gramps, L.S.D., Tropicus; 7, Beetle, Blue, Chippie, Diddie, Doormouse, Eileen Ganmain, Gazeka I., Hockey I., Jacko, Lallah, Mizpah, Nette, Notloup, Quill, Stime, Sunshine, Ticket-of-Leave, Tom Tit, Trixie, Wantacas, Wataclam; 6, Austral, Longbridge; 5, Biddy, Darkie, Dew, Diana; 4, Beaulieu, Cardata, John Cotton, Kid, Numeral, Otis.

PROBLEMS XIII.-XV.—Bulbs, 14.

Indian and Colonial Solutions

VELDT.—Problems I.-III., 9; IV.-VI., 8.

SOLUTIONS

PROBLEM XXII.—Clubs. Your hand is probably worth five tricks. If your partner is strong enough to give you a red call or no-trumps, you will make the two by tricks you require; and if he called spades on a strong spade suit, you would also make them. If his hand is weak, clubs is the best defensive call, and unlikely to be doubled.

PROBLEM XXIII.—Leave it. There is little probability of making two by tricks in spades; and at the score a defensive call is foolish. You have help in any other call, a strong suit for no-trumps, and in any other call the trick puts you out.

PROBLEM XXIV.—Diamonds. It is a very strong suit, and backed up by cards in the black suits. If your partner can give you no-trumps, you should go out in diamonds; if he goes hearts, your hand is of little help to him. If he declares a black suit, you are unlikely to score as heavily as in diamonds.

A study of the Craven Foxhounds

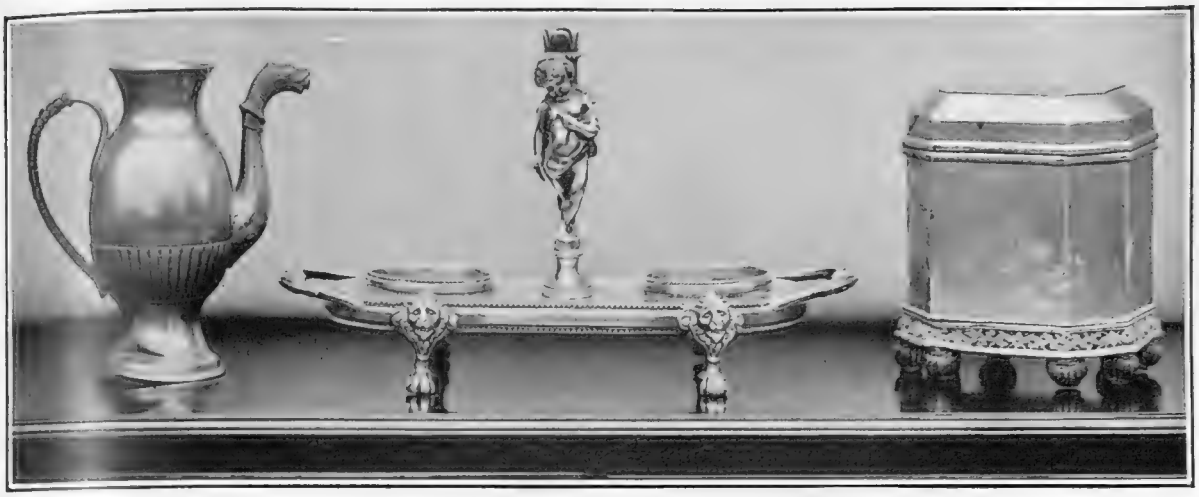
Clever sculpture work by Mr. Cecil Brown, of Newbury, showing hounds working through a gap

Foxhounds and the Sculptor's Art

With his rare combination of strength, grace, and activity, the foxhound has always been a favourite model for the animal painter, and for the sculptor he makes an equally good subject. We reproduce an illustration of some fine sculpture work by Mr. Cecil Brown, of Newbury, a well-known artist and sculptor, and formerly secretary of the St. John's Wood Art Club. Mr. Brown is a practical hunting man, and his work is the result of close observation and work at the kennels of the Craven Hunt. The group represents hounds working through a gap on a breast-high scent, and hunting people will agree that it is a very faithful study.

The Connoisseur

THE CULT OF ANTIQUE PEWTER



Examples of Antique Pewter

(*a*) Coffee-pot, Flemish, Eighteenth Century. (*b*) Inkstand, same period. (*c*) Tobacco-box, French, same period.

During the last twenty years, and especially of late, since the exhibition of old pewter at Clifford's Inn Hall, and the indefatigable labours of Mr. Massé in connection therewith, the collection of this particular material has gone on apace. Among the many branches of connoisseurship which engage the thoughts of modern collectors, pewter is not a favourite with us. But the taste has come to stay, and must be faced. That there is a vast number of people who pursue the quest of these frequently dull and ugly examples of domestic vessels is shown in many ways. Firstly, perhaps, by the prices such pieces fetch in the markets of men; and secondly, by the publication of so many admirably considered works upon the subject. A little while ago, and it was extremely difficult to obtain the slightest information in regard to pewter. The museums possessed few examples, and those they showed were of the elaborately decorated style which makes the poor qualities of the material appear absurd. For pewter is a homely stuff, suited to the simple lives of our rude forefathers and days dedicated to the rough sports of mediæval times, or the uses of a crude militarism and a sporting world. But if the cult must be preserved, we can imagine no more useful and agreeable book on the subject than Mr. Malcolm Bell's "Old Pewter" (Newnes), the latest publication in their excellent Applied Arts Series. There the whole story is carefully and pleasantly told, while the illustrations, of which we have borrowed a few, are excellently selected and well reproduced. Mr. Bell is a collector of uncommon temper, for he does all in his power, and does it well, to put his neighbours in the way of competing with him. E. M.

Examples of Antique Pewter

(*a*) German coffee-pot, Louis XIV. style. (*b*) Sugar-box and cover, Dutch, dated 1751. (*c*) Mustard-pot, Eighteenth Century

The Royal Palace, Madrid

KING ALFONSO'S SPARTAN SUITE

THE Royal Palace, Madrid, with its reception hall (170 feet long), its wonderful picture gallery, its grand staircase of black and white marble, its countless salons (there are thirty on the first floor alone), is magnificent. But, compared with the other apartments, the suite chosen by King Alfonso is almost Spartan in its simplicity. The young King's bedroom, as can be seen from our illustration, is a most unpretentious apartment, showing that its occupant conforms with the modern notion that comfort is more to be considered than luxury. The Royal apartments overlook the Campo del Moro, with a fine view of the Pardo and the Guadarrama range.

1. King Alfonso's Bedroom
2. One of the Principal Salons
3. The Queen-Mother's Bedroom

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

SCHOOL OUTFITS, SPRING COLOURS, AND OTHER TOPICS

I have been going through the experience of gathering together a schoolboy's first outfit, and subsequently conducted the young wearer to his destination. The latter portion of the programme was not pleasant, and, therefore, cannot be too speedily forgotten by a retrospect of the clothes. These were a revelation to me; the subtle shades of difference in the cut of an Eton coat, the precise depth and style of the correct Eton collar, the imperativeness of a certain grey hair-line trousering, the constructive value of a Rugby school suit with exclusive bands to the breeches, together with a very host of valuable hints anent cuffs with flap-buttonholes, have left me a weary, but an infinitely wiser, woman, allied to a disposition to shower a wealth of unqualified praise on Mr. Charles Baker, of outfitting renown and several well-known addresses, who has been largely responsible for my education. With all the will in the world, however, it is impossible for these large tailoring purveyors to conduct an outfit with absolute success lacking some individual interest. Since, of late years, there has grown up a large amount of fastidiousness, some schools advocating one style of attire, which is as completely condemned by another. And, for my own part I am all for inculcating early in boys a proper respect for a smart, neat appearance.

Smart white felt *canotier*, trimmed white marabout, and a glorious black osprey, tied at the base with an orange velvet bow

(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)

To those destined for either of the Services, this unconscious assimilation of clothes as a propelling power in life saves a world of future trouble and tribulation.

Dress at the Waldorf

Among events during the past week, I have to record a visit to the Waldorf, to see *The Superior Miss Pellender*, among the pleasant moments. As to the play, abler pens than mine have discussed its merits or demerits; it, therefore, merely remains for me to congratulate Miss Winifred Emery on her charming dressing of the part of the sweet, lovable widow and mother. The forget-me-not green voile gown she wears in the first act, the over-dress, arranged *en tablier*, and scrolled about the edge with a narrow gauged green satin ribbon, is eminently becoming, some discreet touches of pale blue on the corsage serving to develop the forget-me-not suggestion. Both with this and the second dress Miss Emery wears short, loose hanging sleeves supplemented by under ones of ivory net disposed in graduated *bouillonnées* to the wrist. This other dress is of cigar-brown material, soft and clinging, the skirt carrying a robe *mouvement*, brought about by tucks, and the shapely fichu corsage concluding in a little turn-over collar of lace and a net cravat. A bunch of red roses tucked into the belt, and a most becoming Panama river hat, twisted about with black tulle, affords as pleasing a colour-scheme as we have been privileged to behold for some long while, enormously aided, of course, by Miss Emery's delightful personality.

For the rest, the dresses were in no way remarkable, although this much may be said of them, in all justice, they were fitted sympathetically to the piece.

Probable Spring Colours

For those not wholly wedded to the classic Navy, browns, and black, there is likely to be an extensive choice in original mauves during the coming season. Several shades of violet, just a little chastened in quality, a most persuasive prune, rich and sombre, and a peculiarly attractive shade of claret, are already taking a leading place, although time alone will reveal how really strong a hold these will obtain.

Given a wardrobe of change and variety, I may commend to your notice a raspberry red, that in cloth fashions peculiarly *distingué* little gowns, and carries altogether an air of decided exclusiveness. It is quite of the artistic order of tone, and craves the simplest treatment and the very slightest decorative relief.

I am irresistibly persuaded, also, as to the advent of certain rather large checks in spring tweeds being accorded favour from the right quarter, accompanied by short basqued close-fitting coats of plain cloth. The checks will be somewhat indefinite, by way of tempering the size of the pattern, and there is likely to be a preponderance of rather soft willow greens and browns. But of the pronounced prevalence of brown, predicted by certain authorities, I am not at all assured. Brown is one of the most elusive tones in existence. Time after time it has been rushed upon us, with apparently a full determination to

carry all before it, only to recede with equal precipitation. And this procedure will, perchance, distinguish its present career. Personally, I am not prepared to prophesy a word in its connection, but at the same time I would point out how there is a certain type of fair-haired, brown-eyed woman who invariably looks her best in brown. Her colouring affects at once a harmony, attractive and artistic.

Two Elegant Aspects of the Evening Corsage

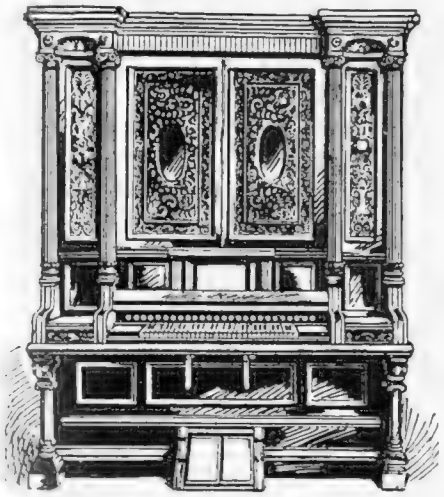
The back view partakes more of the character of a blouse, and represents a model effected in cream mouselline de soie, and tinted blonde lace, a mass of *bébé* edging laid in close frills one above the other being wholly responsible for the V-shaped piece inserted back and front. The high skeleton waist-belt of black or coloured ribbon is exceptionally happy, and the idea is, that this soft fluffy little affair shall accompany a simple, rather severe skirt of satin.

Evening corsage, back and front view

(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)

The companion model depicts a very attractive suggestion for arranging an evening bodice of soft satin, or Louisine, in Louis XV. fashion, some slight draperies from beneath the arm modifying the severity of the outline, the fronts opening over a lace stomacher, caught across with velvet straps and tiny buttons of lace, a fichu of lace softening the *décolletage* over some delicate *dimanté* embroidery.

You have only to hear the Æolian Orchestrelle to realize that the home of a music-lover is not complete without one.



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The Uses of Mustard.

The original use of Mustard was as a medicine and not as a Condiment. In the former capacity it was known as long ago as 480 B.C., while the Roman conquerors of Britain used it for stiffened joints and as a cure for venomous bites. The footbath of Mustard and water of our grandparents was a sovereign remedy for colds, the virtues of which are just as great to-day, and proven such in many families where old-fashioned remedies keep away modern ills.

Even as a Condiment, Mustard owes much of its popularity to its medicinal properties in stimulating the flow of the digestive secretions, and thus promoting the digestion and assimilation of the food eaten.

Among the many useful purposes to which Mustard can be applied, one of the most economical and valuable is that of use in the bath. The addition of some Mustard to the water in the bath-tub makes a bath so exhilarating and refreshing as to be inconceivable to those who have not tried it. It may be used according to taste, but a tablespoonful of dry Mustard stirred into a bath containing 30 to 35 gallons of water will in general be found a suitable proportion. To the tired sportsman after a hard day's run; to the golfer after a day on the links; to the candidate "played out" with motoring, speechmaking and being heckled; to anyone who has had "a day of it" and to whom a refreshing bath appeals, the addition of those few spoonfuls of Mustard will make all the difference.

It should also be known that Mustard with warm water is a valuable emetic in case of poisoning from arsenic, or where the stomach is required to be emptied before the arrival of the doctor. This popular Condiment is kept in practically every home, and is immediately available for such an emergency.

For sudden attacks of rheumatism, pains in the joints, etc., a liniment made of Mustard and water will often prove an effective temporary remedy.

The value of a Mustard poultice for coughs and sore throats was well known to our grandmothers, and the remedy is still used successfully in many households.

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S.H.B.

A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

Ah, well! there is an end of all things, even of Party strife; and now we are going to settle down in peace. "Nothing great was ever done without enthusiasm," says Emerson, and there is no alternative but to submit rather wearily to his opinion. The worst of enthusiasm is that it is so exhausting. It takes it out of one, like influenza, or any other disease affecting the nerves: it makes one shaky. Perhaps, indeed it is really worse for the *passive* victim—such a person gets so much more of it; she is asked to agree with opposite factions, and then they quarrel over her and with her; she is pursued by conflicting statements, urged to action, and reproached for listlessness, on either side.

Enthusiasm has always been a favourite subject with writers and reflecting men, but I can't help thinking they never meant it to be *feminine*. It is the "great thing," according to Browning, "only we can't command it." I wish *other people* couldn't. The result of their ardour remains (as in the present case of the recent General Election) long after they themselves have settled down to peaceable everyday life. Enthusiasts, being hasty, can forget quickly, and recover either with satisfied ambition or perennial hopes—even lofty contempt is a restorative; but those who have been dragged unwillingly into strife feel the depressing effect much longer.

For instance, one may well be still depressed by the election letters of friends. I am. They are before me, full of feminine enthusiasm; they are exactly contrary, for one praises what the other blames; they are violent, unreasonable, and exceedingly tiring; they paint fancy pictures of England under several different circumstances, mostly exceedingly unlikely ones; they give moral homilies; they infer that nobody but the writer knows the country or the people, or what is good for both; they praise the working-men and sneer at the aristocracy; or they depreciate the labourers and dwell upon the virtues of the rich. And I *had* thought it was all over. Why are one's personal friends so energetically aggressive; why do they tell us the same thing over and over again; why do they underline their words, make dashes, and—for ladies—use such excessively powerful language? Why, but because they are sustained by, and are altogether subservient to, an overwhelming enthusiasm.

It has often struck me that we have no political manners—or rather plenty of manners, but not good ones. In all other matters we defer to some extent to the opinions of those who do not agree with us; at least, to the extent of refraining from discussing subjects of contention in their presence. We have a special courtesy for differences; we are polite and tolerant towards the habits, religion, and fashions with which our own ideas do not coincide. But when it comes to politics there is no deference to opinion, experience, character, or anything else. We are aggressive from the first, and should more reasonable grounds fail, will only too easily fall back on personal insinuations and grievances. Over all our other ideas we consent to draw the veil of silence and reserve, but political theories must, in season and out of season, see the light of day set violently forth on a background of reproach—at the very mildest—towards those who conscientiously reject their tenets. Of course, the chief explanation is that silence does not tell, and people know it; it is no use to have a most glorious light hidden under a bushel, while somebody publicly blazons forth an inferior kind of glare. It is best to make as much noise as possible, for noise, however tiresome, generally wins.

LADY PHYLLIS.

THE MENU

A Few Hints About Cakes

The general rule in making cakes is to cream the butter and sugar together, then add the eggs, then the flour and baking powder (mix the baking powder with the flour), and then add fruit or other ingredients, and beat well. If fruit is to be added, do not make the cake very moist, or currants, etc., will be liable to sink, but they are less likely to do so if previously rubbed in flour. Always grease cake-tins with lard, as the cake will be less liable to burn than if the tins are rubbed with butter. Do not open the oven door for at least twenty minutes after cakes are put in, and then do it very gently, as a sudden action will tend to make a cake sink in the middle.

Madeira Cake

Ingredients: ¼ lb. butter, ½ lb. castor sugar, ½ lb. flour, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little milk, if necessary. Put strips of candied peel on the top when nearly done.

Rich Plum Cake

Ingredients: ½ lb. butter, ½ lb. castor sugar, ½ lb. currants, ½ lb. stoned and chopped raisins, ½ lb. flour, four eggs, 3 oz. mixed peel, half a grated nutmeg. When the cake is in the tin push in a few thick pieces of citron. Bake two hours.

Chocolate Cake

Ingredients: ¼ lb. butter, ¼ lb. castor sugar, half teaspoonful baking powder, ¼ lb. flour, ¼ lb. chocolate, one tablespoonful ground rice, two eggs, essence vanilla. Beat the butter to a cream, mix in the sugar, add the chocolate, melted over the fire in three tablespoonfuls of water; mix in the yolks of the eggs separately; then add the flour, baking powder, and ground rice (well mixed); drop in the vanilla, and lastly the whites of eggs, beaten till quite stiff. Bake from three-quarters to an hour.

Genoa Cake

Ingredients: 6 oz. butter, ½ lb. castor sugar, 12 oz. flour, four eggs, 8 oz. sultanas, 3 oz. candied peel, 3 oz. sweet almonds, grated rind of a lemon, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one tablespoonful of milk. Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten eggs and beat well; add the flour and baking powder, and beat about ten minutes. Add the fruit, etc., mix well, and bake in small tins. Blanch the almonds and cut in halves, and scatter over the top of the cake. Bake about one and a half hours. This quantity is sufficient for two cakes.

Ginger Nuts

Ingredients: 1 lb. flour, ¼ lb. butter, ¼ lb. treacle, ½ oz. ginger. Melt the butter in a pan, add the treacle, and when quite hot mix with a wooden spoon to the flour and ginger. Roll between the hands into nuts, and bake on a greased tin for twenty minutes.

Fancy Bread (Without Yeast)

1 lb. of self-raising flour, dessertspoonful of castor sugar, half pint of milk, pinch of salt. Mix the flour, sugar, and salt well together, and mix into a light dough with the milk. Make up into fancy shapes, or put into a small cake-tin, which *must* be floured, and bake in a quick oven. The small fancy shapes will only take about fifteen minutes.

EMILIA.

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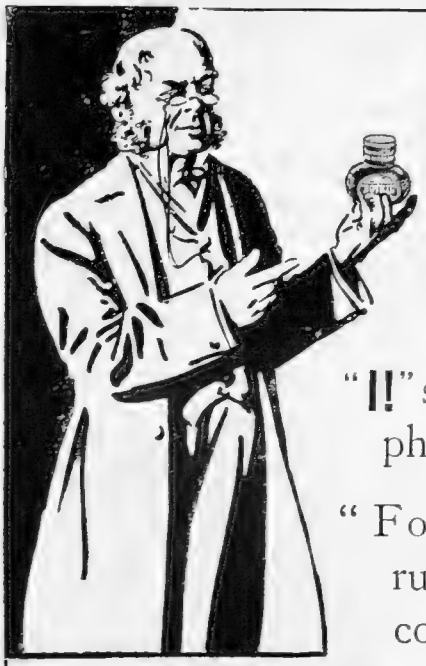

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

Sensible Citizens of Oxford

By a large majority, the Oxford ratepayers have refused to approve the Oxford Tramways Bill. The costly underground conduit system was the one proposed, and many of those present at the statutory meeting expressed a doubt as to the advisability of spending £132,000 on such a scheme. The Council were told that the possibilities of the motor-'bus had not been fully considered. The good sense displayed by the citizens of Oxford is a lesson to other towns. Let the ratepayers of other cities, who find themselves threatened with costly, rumbling electric trams, insist on motor-'buses being tried. A service of motors can be tried in a small way; if properly purchased, £15,000 will provide twenty vehicles; such a service can be discontinued without any great loss. Spend £132,000 on a tramway track and it is all dead money.

Four or Six Cylinders

The respective merits of four and six-cylinder cars have lately occupied to a considerable extent the correspondence columns of the motor Press. Captain Deasy was ever a sporting motorist, and on this subject he writes to me to say that:—

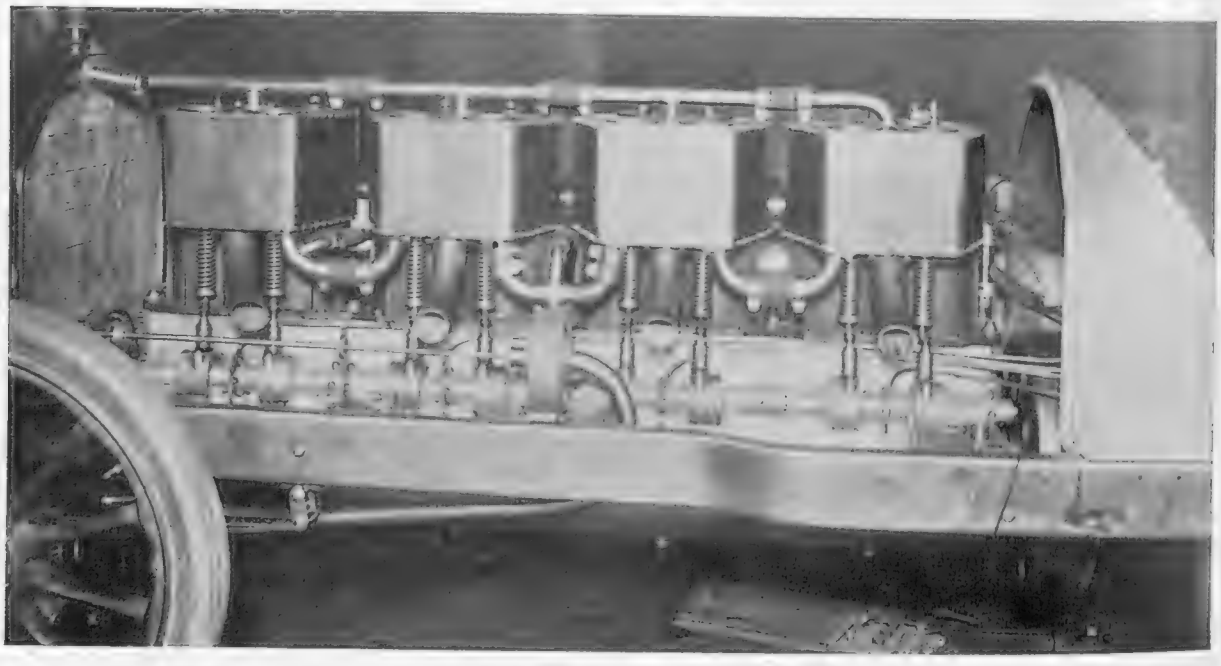
In common with, I suppose, most other people interested in automobiles, I have heard a great deal of late about the merits of six-cylinder cars. Whether this arises from a genuine interest on the part of the motoring public, or from other causes, I have, of course, no means of ascertaining, though personally I have seen no signs of the former cause, despite the fact that I meet many people who might be supposed to be in touch with public opinion on such matters.

Though I am interested in four-cylinder cars, I have an open mind, and am prepared to become enthusiastic on six-cylinders should results justify it. Therefore, I suggest that a proper trial be made between the two, and I am prepared to lend my assistance to such trial.

If one of the six-cylinder advocates will make a match for a race—I beg pardon, "eliminating trial"—over, say, 100 miles of give-and-take country, against a four-cylinder car of exactly equal engine capacity, I will be prepared to find the four-cylinder car, and take up the cudgels. Then, if the six-cylinder proves to be the better type, I shall be saved from future error, and my consolation will be that I shall have rendered some service to that large body of automobilists who are at present supposed to be in doubt and tribulation on this subject.

Speed is Becoming Unimportant

That missionary of many cylinders, Mr. S. F. Edge, writes to say that he will, with pleasure, match a six-cylinder Napier car against a foreign four-cylinder for 100 miles race, and that he will cross to the Continent with Captain Deasy to decide it. The six-cylinder Napier is to have six cylinders of 6¼ in. bore and 5 in. stroke, and Captain Deasy is to be allowed to have his four-cylinder of not less than equal total capacity, or even greater if he likes, the principal stipulation being that the car does not exceed 1,000 kilos in running order on the road. This weight limit suggests actual racing cars, and I don't suppose that the race will ever come off. The victory of either car would not help to decide the controversy. To the buying public, price, silence, smooth running, absence of trouble, and small upkeep expenses, are of more importance than mere speed or a number of cylinders. The modern four-cylinder engine, under normal working conditions, is really a smooth and sweet running power-producer. It is argued that the six-cylinder is more flexible and even quieter. No doubt it is a little, but the difference is really, in practice, trifling. As a rule, the cost of a six-cylinder motor is considerably more than the four, and, at any rate, to the man of moderate means, it seems hardly worth the money. It may



An eight-cylindered 250 h.-p. racing freak

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt has started making motors. He has begun with a 250 h.-p. racing car. Its designers fondly imagine that this machine will travel at 150 miles an hour

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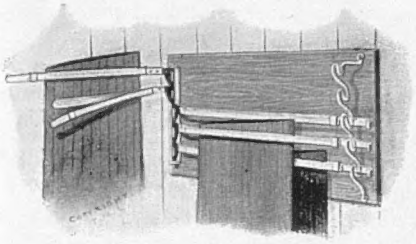

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be that among the smaller firms some will endeavour to sell six-cylinder cars at the price usually asked for a four-cylinder. If this happens, let buyers remember that a well-made four-cylinder from the workshops of an established firm is to be preferred to a six-cylindered car from a firm that has not produced a really trustworthy four-cylinder.

An Eight-cylindered Victory

Several weeks ago Hemery broke the kilomètre record. He drove an eight-cylindered 200 h.-p. Darracq, the eight cylinders being arranged V shape. The advocates of the many-cylindered engine should claim this as a triumph. Think of it, previously a four-cylindered motor covered the kilomètre in 21 $^{2}/_{5}$ secs.; an eight-cylinder one did it in 20 $^{3}/_{5}$ secs. Usually, the splendid efficiency of the four-cylinder motor, if properly made, is difficult to surpass. Still, if the public get into their heads that there is some extraordinary merit in a great number of cylinders, makers will have to meet the demand.

The Vanderbilt Darracq

Talking of Hemery, I wonder whether many remember the car he won the Vanderbilt Cup race on. It was at Olympia, and appeared again at the Paris Salon. There was no show finish on that car, but it was a fine bit of work. Perhaps one of the most daring pieces of motor construction that has ever won success. Four huge cylinders, of great power; wheels, frame, etc., cut down in weight to what appeared an irreducible minimum. Then no gear-box—at least, one looked for it in vain in the usual place. To save weight, it lodged on the back axle. There were but two forward speeds and a reverse. Not content with saving weight by combining the gear-box and back-axle, the designer omitted the differential; this, of course, saved a little more weight, and made a light crown-wheel strong enough. This absence of differential must have increased the strain on the driving tyres. The car, as most people know, was shod with Dunlops. That their product stood up to the terrific strain is a tribute to that Company.

It Will Pay all Motorists to Pay

Last Thursday the Automobile Association and its friends dined together at the Trocadero. Formed but a few months ago, its work record is a good one. Thanks to the energy of its cyclist patrols, there are now no traps between London and Brighton. The favourite Ripley road is free from police attentions. On other frequented routes, too, the police, thanks to the Association, have been able to return to their ordinary duties. The famous Andover trap has ceased to exist, and all car-users now have practical proof of the utility of the Automobile Association. But this means money. In order to profit by the advantages which motor scouts offer to automobilists, it is necessary for those who travel the roads to subscribe. The Society of Motor Manufacturers have sent a donation of fifty guineas. Every car-owner who has suffered from police attentions—and there are few that have not—should communicate with the energetic Secretary, Mr. S. Cooke, 18, Fleet Street, E.C.

ALFRED C. HUNTER.

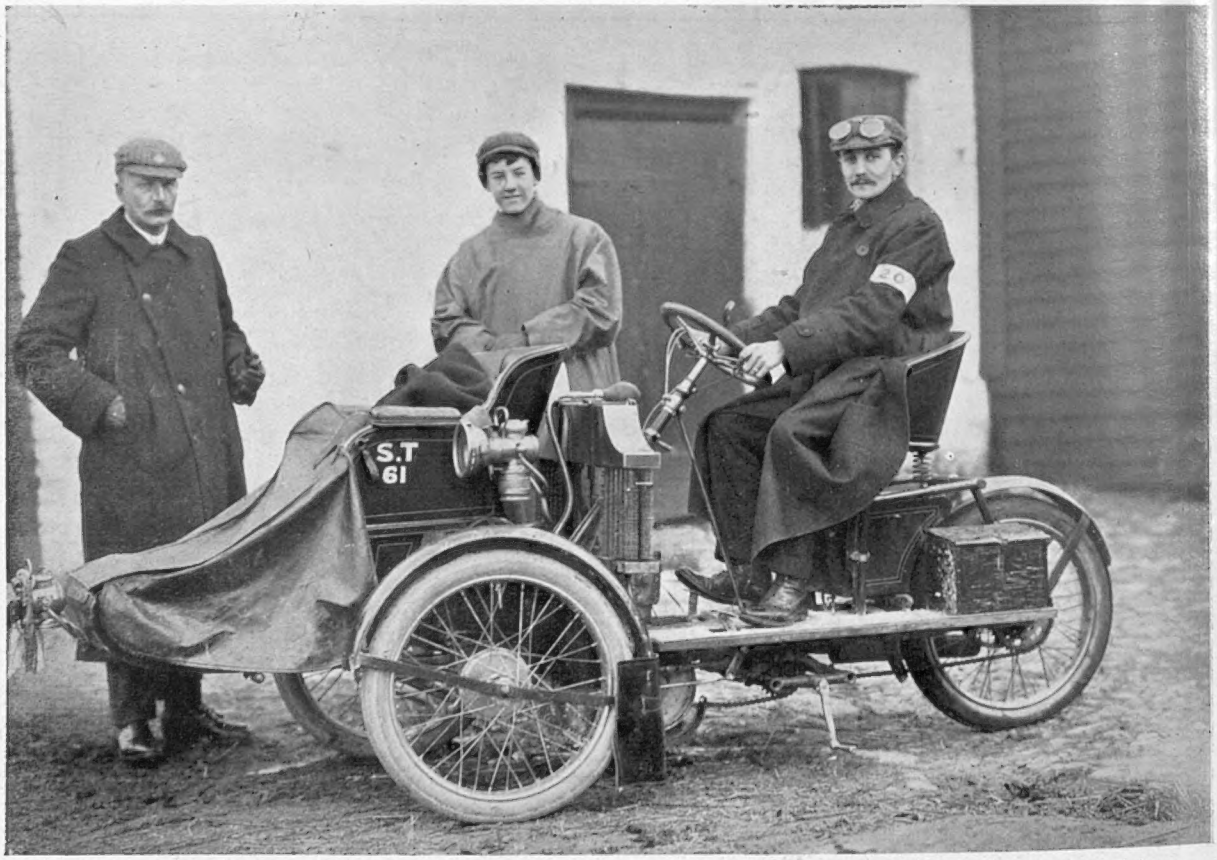


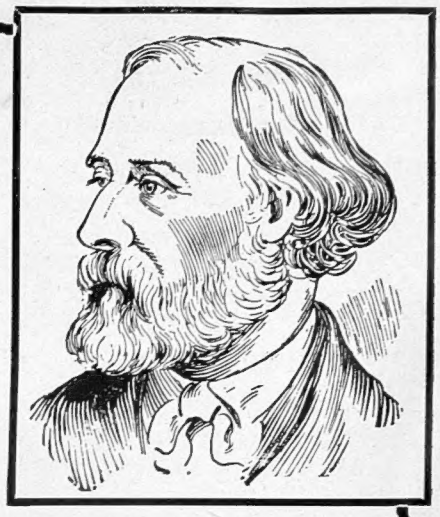
Photo *Topical Agency*

The Auto-Cycle Club's first quarterly trial

Eleven motor-cycles and ten tri-cars took part, on January 20, in the first of a series of quarterly trials. The ascent of Dashund Hill was included in the trial, and up this the 9 h.-p. Riley tri-car did best. On this occasion, a newcomer, the 4½ h.-p. Ashford tri-car, made its first appearance

A Modern Tantalus.

"I once travelled from London to Manchester with an inveterate smoker, who had neglected to provide himself with lucifers, and was unable to supply his want during the entire journey. The melancholy of his visage as he regarded his pipe and tobacco impressed me deeply. Never before did I realise how great a misery is near but unapproachable happiness."—*Charles Reade.*



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Book Notes

Mr. Heinemann draws attention to the fact that his little Favourite Classics, bound in cloth at sixpence and in leather at a shilling, make the most delightful and pleasurable of fireside reading. The series includes all the plays of Shakespeare, the poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, selected poems of Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, and Edgar Allan Poe, Sheridan's plays, Robert Browning's "Pippa Passes," and Fitzgerald's version of "Omar Khayyam."

Less than a fortnight before his death Mr. G. J. Holyoake passed the last proofs of his "History of Co-operation," which is shortly to be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The first edition of this work appeared some twenty years ago. The new edition has been practically rewritten, and embodies the history of the movement up to the present day. It is a curious coincidence that only last week Mr. Unwin issued a new edition of Mr. Holyoake's "Public Speaking and Debate." Mr. Unwin is also the publisher of his "Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life," and his second autobiographical volume, "Bygones Worth Remembering."

Mr. Alston Rivers has a book of more than ordinary interest in preparation for publication next month, a collection of Thackeray essays now collected for the first time. "The New Sketch Book," as the work is entitled, consists mainly of critical articles as to the authenticity of which, in spite of their being anonymous, Mr. R. S. Garnett, the editor, entertains no doubt.

Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") has been making a very successful lecturing tour in the United States. A reception in her honour was lately given by the Lotus Club, New York.

Bechstein Hall Concerts

Miss Edie Reynolds gave a violin recital at Bechstein Hall on Thursday evening, January 18, when she included in her programme a new concerto in B minor by D'Ambrosio, performed for the first time in England. The concert-giver was assisted by Mr. John Coates. Miss Hilda Barnes, who made a successful first appearance at Bechstein Hall on Friday evening, January 19, is a pupil of Mr. Hans Wessely.

Roehampton Golf Club

The Roehampton Club has greatly added to its attractions this winter, having laid out a nine-hole golf links. Owing to the requirements of polo and croquet, golf can only be played here for six months in the year, namely, from October 1 to March 31; but the club will now be open all the year round, which will render it almost twice as useful as formerly to a great number of its members. The nine holes are carefully laid out, full advantage being taken of natural hazards; and artificial bunkers are being made to add to the difficulties of what is by no means an easy course, except for the lower handicap golfer.

The Motor Yacht Club

We are pleased to state that the Admiralty have granted permission to the Motor Yacht Club to fly the blue ensign of His Majesty's Fleet on all registered vessels belonging to members of the club. This is an honour which is very much appreciated by all members of this club, as it reveals the interest of the Admiralty in their work.

Princes' Restaurant

The "tape-machine" which was installed in Princes' Restaurant in order to record the results of the elections as soon as declared, was greatly appreciated by the aristocratic patrons of the establishment. Quite an excited throng surrounded the machine each night, and the fair sex showed quite as much interest in the results as their male friends. At the dinner-concert on Sunday, January 21, every table was occupied, and many of the best-known people in town were to be observed. The artistes who took part in the entertainment were Miss R. Dallow, soprano; Miss A. Tandy, contralto; Mr. Burt Earle, and Little Jimmy—the latter by kind permission of the directors of the Empire Theatre.

£1,000 from the Bottom of the Sea

A sum of £1,000 has been recovered from the depths of the sea in the form of a little coupon. When the L. and S. W. Railway Company's steamer *Hilda* was wrecked off St. Malo in November, one of the passengers drowned was Major Price. Salvage operations recovered his trunk, which contained an insurance coupon from a diary of Charles Letts and Co., duly signed. Any claim in respect of the insurance should, according to the strict letter of the agreement, be lodged within fourteen days from the date of the accident, but in this case the circumstances were so exceptional, that the General Accident Insurance Corporation admitted the claim and paid the £1,000 to the representatives of Major Price. Within the last few months over £3,600 has been paid in connection with the insurance of Charles Letts and Co.'s diaries, which have nearly 150,000 clients insured.

"Count Hannibal" Dramatised

Mr. Norman V. Norman is arranging to produce shortly a new play in four acts, adapted by Messrs. Freeman Wills and Frederick Langbridge, the authors of *The Only Way*, from Stanley Weyman's powerful historical romance, "Count Hannibal." The successful adaptation of Mr. Weyman's "Under the Red Robe," some years ago, will no doubt be remembered.

Garrick Theatre

Brother Officers, at the Garrick Theatre, is now preceded, at 8.15, by a bright little play written by Albert J. Dearden, entitled, *The Dean's Dilemma*, the scene of which takes place in the Dean's rooms at a college in Cambridge during May week. The cast includes Mr. O. B. Clarence, Mr. Charles Goodhart, Mr. Arthur Whitby, Mr. Douglas Umbert, Mr. Frank Lacy, and Miss Evelyn Beaumont.

"The Blue Moon"

The 150th performance of *The Blue Moon* took place at the Lyric Theatre on Wednesday evening last, the 24th inst.

An Interesting Exhibit

H.M.S. *Black Prince*, the latest and most powerful type of armoured cruiser, will be on view in the Victoria Docks, London, at a small charge, on Saturday afternoons, January 27 and February 3, also on Sunday, February 4. The proceeds will be given in aid of the Seamen's Hospital Society (Greenwich and Albert Dock), Poplar Hospital, and West Ham Hospital. It is hoped that the public will largely avail themselves of this unique opportunity of inspecting an up-to-date war-vessel ready to be commissioned, thereby helping these exceptionally useful and deserving hospitals. This important concession has been generously granted by the Thames Ironworks Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, with the consent of the Admiralty.

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